1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1874.

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HER NAME.

Bible Record dingy and old, name and the day of her advent stand, title line is the story told, cad out by grandpa's trembling hand; nafe' we christened her from the first, ria Louisi the record read; he pun was a quill and acted its worst, i grandpapa's r was old-farbitoned, we said.

he grew apace, and graved her name On many a heart both young and old, and one consumed in a quenchless flame, And the story of Eden was sweetly told.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU, AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC

ON THE BRINE.

ON Ins.

To visit him,
To tend him with a soft, officious real—
All, that I can, I will, to make his misory
Stide from him light and airtly.

—NJmms.

Mrs. Henderson, of Villiers-street, was

was the only one who ever asked after ner at all.

"I'll try and save ber before it is too late," he said to himself. "She's not the sort of girl to live through a scandal patiently, and there'll be one by and the land lodging house door.

"And what am I to do, supposing I accept your kind offer?" she said, somewhat bitterly. "I expect by this time, Mr. Dormer, every one who knows me is pretty well aware of where I am."

"Mo better," was the account the land-lady gave him, "but well nursed. His sister" with the least bit of emphasis in the world—"took every care of him."

"Ah, yee, his sister, Miss Onslow, of course," he said, enhead ?"

"Does she know?"

"Does she know?"

"Does she know?"

"And what?" he asked, kindly, for the land-lady and what? "he asked, kindly, for the blue eyes grew suffused with tears, which began to fall heavily down her pale cheeks.

"Monite well, sir."

"Quite well, sir."
"I think I should like to—to see her today," he stammered. "Will you call her

down?"
"Certainly, sir. What name?"
"None; at least, there is no need to give her any. Bay an intimate friend of Mr. Onelow's would be glad to see her on

business of importance to him."
"Very good, sir."
Mrs. Henderson went with the message Mrs. Henderson went with the message berself. She smelt a rat, to use her own parlance, and was not to be deceived. Muriel was sitting in what had grown to be her accustomed place now, the side of the sick bed; her eyes fixed upon the sick man's face, and her work, some trifle of sewing, fallen into her lsp. There was a troubled look in her bine eyes, which were swelled with many tears, and her fair young face was knitted into lines of anxiety and trouble.

"A gentleman wishing to see me," she said, in amazement. "There must be some

said, in amazement. "There must be some mistake."

'No mistake, ma'am. Mr. Onslow's sister, he said, and it's on important business to him. Maybe it's about his picture, or something of that sort."

''Say I will come down in a minute or two, "Muriel said, and the landlady vanished. "Who can it be? What shall I do?" she said, when she was gone. "It can be no one that knows me, or he would not have asked for his sister. Of importance to him. Yes, I'll risk it. I'll be his sister still, and meset this stranger."

No stranger. It was a face she knew only too well that turned to her when she entered Mrs. Henderson's pretentious drawing-room, to the door of which that worthy person presently crept, to make an unseen third at the interview.

'Mr. Dormer!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "You!"

Yes, Misc Chisbolm, my very self, "he replied, quietly.

only too well that turned to her when she entered Mrs. Henderson's pretentious drawing-room, to the door of which that worthy person presently crept, to make an unseen third at the interview.

"Mr. Dormer!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "You!"

"Yes, Miss Chisholm, my very self," he replied, quietly.

"What do you want with me? Have you followed me?"

"No, indeed; I saw you socidentally. I had no idea you were not at the Grange."

"I have left Kingcolm forever."

deserve all the hard things the world will asy of me yet."

"I will, I promise you. Anything else?"

"Rescue my boxes from Kingcolm, if you can without trouble or annoyance to yourself. Miss Carlyon has not sent them yet, and I really have nothing to wear."

"You shall have them at once. Doris ought to be ashamed of herself to indulge in the shall have them at once, not spite,"

"I snapect it was indifference, not spite,"

Martiel replied. "She has never trouble d about it, and the servants have followed her lead, that is all."

Contraction of the second

Com

blue eyes grew suffused with tears, which began to fail heavily down her pale cheeks. "I will not betray any confidence you like to repose in me. I suspect I shall have to have a reckoning with my consin on my own account some day. What clse did you tell her?"

"That I loved the man who lies dying yonder better than I loved my own life—that I would die for him if need be."

"I'm! She would be likely to make the most of it, I think; but, still, it is not too late. If you will leave this house, the false step you have taken—for it is a false one, believe me—may yet be redeemed."

"I will not redeem it," she said, with flashing eyes. "Have I not said I love him? I love him so dearly, Mr. Dormer,

one, believe me—may yet be redeemed.

"I will not redeem it," abe said, with
flashing eyes. "Have I not said I love
him? I love him so dearly, Mr. Dormer,
that every stab dealt to him by the beautiful fiend who has brought him to this has
gone to my heart like a knife. I love him
so that to see him well and happy, and in
his place in the world once more, I would
nurse him back to life at the rick of my
own, even though his first words were to
spurn me from his side, and all the world
should point at me as his mistress."

She looked so beautiful in her passionate
excitement that he stared at her with unspeakable amazement.

"How lovely she is:" he thought.

"How lovely she is:" he thought.

"How a pity she should have wasted so
much affection on him. On my soul, I
don't think he's worth it. Then you won't
let me belp you?" he said, gravely.

let me help you?" he said, gravely.
"In one way you can," she said, trying to force her trembling lips into a smile.
"Hoe?"



Mrs. Headerson, of Villiers-street, was not a woman of many screples, provided her lodgers paid their way. A full purse and an outwardly respectable bearing covered a multitude of sins in her eyes, and a marriage certificate was as a feather in the balance compared to a fat check book or a store of golden sovereigns.

Bo she said nothing of her suspicions, which a further scrutiny of Muriel's belongings confirmed, and waited on the girl as demurely as though she knew her in very deed to be what she called herself—Jasper Onslow's slater.

"Some fine young miss that's run away from her friends, I'll be bound," she thought. "Well, I'll bide my time. They'll find her out, and come after her."

But no one came. Muriel Chisholm had no friends to run after her. Ernest Dormer was the only one who ever asked after her at all.

"I'll try and save her before it is too late," he said to himself. "She's not the sort of girl to live through a scandal patients and therall he one by and by when

"Keep my secret, if it is one. I don't deserve all the hard things the world will

"I will see to it."

"And don't speak to her of has."

"I will not—be sure of that. Now, is there nothing else ?"

"Yos; say good-bye; and when next, we meet, if over we should meet in this world again, 'pass by on the other side. It will be the kindest thing that you and such as you can do for me."

The tears came now. Muriel's overcharged beart would have relief, and crouch ing down before him, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of bitter tears. He let her weep unchecked till the first burst of her grief had spent itself, and then he tried once more to reason with her, and persuade her to give up her self-imposed task and leave the house. It was all in vain. She was not to be turned from her purpose, and with a very heavy heart he was fain to leave her to her work of mercy, and go.

He want down to Kingcolm Grange, and Doris Carlyon received him with a courtesy that was half contemptuous.

"You do not ask for Miss Chisholm," she said, after he had greeted her and her aunt.

"I have no need, Doris. I have seen left and done what he wishead of this innocent girl will come a day of reckoning for this, boris Carlyon," he said to her, when at length he had done what he wished and returned to the sitting room. "All the wong you are trying to heap on the head of this innocent girl will recoil tendent."

she said, after he had greeted as ann.

"I have no need, Doris. I have seen her within twenty-four hours."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes; and I am here mainly to request that you will kindly forward her luggage. She is in much need of it."

"Do you expect me to see to it myself?"

"No. Give your orders; your servants will obey them."

"I don't know that. My servants are not accustomed to wait upon persons of light character."

Mariel Chiskolm? Muriel Chisholm?"
"I am," was the cold retort; " of Jasper Onslow's mistress."
"You know such an assertion to be

"You know such an assertion to be false."
"I know it to be true. Read that."
She tossed a letter to him contempts onely, with a look of scorn upon her beauful face that made her loveliness simost fiendish to look upon. The letter was from Mr. M Crome, in answer to some communication of hers, and bore date only the day before.

"It is a pity such a champion of inno-cence abould not know the truth," she said, with a sneer, as he opened the letter.

It was brief, but very much to the pur-

your desire, I sought out Mr. Onslow-or rather his louigings, for I did not see him —and made all inquiries. To my surprise, I was confronted by a young lady, his sister, who repelled me, and declined your proferred aid in the most contemptions manner. 'I would rather see him dead in the street, 'she said, passionately,' than accept help for him from her. Bread given him by Boris Carlyon would choke him 'I was shown out of the house, I may say more astonished than I felt in my life before at the girl's rudeness toward a total stranger. Mr. Onslow has never recovered his sennes, and is, therefore, unable to speak for himself. I have no doubt that he would be more grateful. Once more regretting that I should have been unsuc cossful in acting as your almoner, believe me faithfully yours, "Julius M'Chome."

all expressed their opinion of her preity openly.

"There will come a day of reckoning for this, Doris Carlyon," he said to her, when at length he had done what he wished, and returned to the sitting room. "All the wrong you are trying to heap on the head of this innocent girl will recoil tenfold on your head in the days to come."

"Do you believe in retributive justice, then, Mr. Dormer?"

"I do."

"Then expect it for yourself. You are something too much interested in my affairs—a little more authoritative than becomes an outsider in what goes on at Kingcolm Grange. You fancy it may one day be yours."

stare at me like that. It is no mere girlish whim—it is the truth; but whether I live to a green old age, or die to-morrow, you will be no nearer the Grange."

will be no nearer the Grange."

"What I say. It has been very pleasant to look at the old please, heart it, and fancy that if it should please Heaven to remove me, you would lord it here its master? That day will never come, Ernest Dormer, and it is a keen pleasure to me to know it."

"I don't know in the least what you mean."

mean."
"Ill tell you, and when you know it,

"Il tell you and when you know it, go, and rid the Grange of your presence forever. Stoop your head closer—there is no need to entighten auntie there."

She whispered a few words in his ear, and he looked at her with a stern, set face for a moment, and then, without another word, he rose, and left the room, her mocking laughter following him as he went.

CHAPTER VIII. BAVED BY A RING.

And there is even a happiness. Head,

Ernest Dormer quitted the Grange, and Doris Carlyon and her aunt went abroad. Something of the truth regarding Jasper Onslow had leaked out, and hard things were being said of the heiress, so she thought it well to vanish for awhile. She did not see her cousin again, nor did he visit Muriel Chisholm.

father's in the West Indies. Before he left he wrote to Muriel. He would not attempt to see her, for he knew she would refuse his aid, so he sent her a short not see begging her acceptance of all the money he could spare—fifty pounds—which he had the forethought to send in small notes, and bidding her good-bye. The money was for Jasper Onslow, he told her, so she must not seruple to use it.

There was not a word of reference to her position, not a line that a brother might not have written to a sister, and Muriel felt doubly lonely when she knew he knew see gone. She had not seen him for some time, but she knew she had a friend while he was in London, and now it seemed as though she were thrown upon the wide world alone.

But a happier time was coming for heratime when Jasper Onslow opened his eyes and ceased his resiless moaning, and looked at her with a recognizing glance. She saw him looking earnestly at his own, wasted hands and round the room in questioning wonder, and hid herself behind the curtain, that he might not be too much startled all at once.

Presently he said, in a low, faint voice—"Is any one there?" and she slipped from her hiding-place, and shood by his side.

"Is any one there?" and she slipped from her hiding-place, and shood by his side.
"I am here, Mr. Onslow," she said.
"You, Miss Chisholm!"

Muriel went down in the evening with each work, and the olderable trepidation, stal and seen is and indies trepidation, stal lengthen to enable to suddence of Mrs. Henderson the sud

Presently he said, in a low, faint voice—
"Is any one there?" and she slipped from her hiding-place, and stood by his aide.
"I am here, Mr. Onslow, she said.
"You, Miss Chisholm!"
"Yes. Don't try to talk yet. Drink a

Never mind yet awhile. Thank Hea

ven you are better. You will know all by and by." He was too weak to talk, and fell asleep He was too weak to talk, and fell asleep almost while he was talking to her. The doctor, when he came, pronounced that the crisis was past, and that with care and attention a cure would follow. The test day Jasper remembered all the scene at the Academy, his despair, and the agony he had felt when insensibility mercifully served him.

"But you," he said to Muriel, " how

Murris heart beat wildly at his words. To be his wife would seem like a foretaste of Heaven to her, but she could not for get his constant mean for Poris Carlyon during the days of his delinum, and her value was very tremulous as she answered

"Do not speak hastily, Mr. Onslow. You are very good, but it is not I whom you love. Your heart is given away, and the name of another woman has been conMrs. Honderson was mistaken. Jasper Onalow had no wish for Duris Ceriyon news.

the name of another woman has been con-stantly on your lips ever since I have been watching by your aide.

"Do not judge me now by what I utter-ed then, he said. "I am cured, believe me. I was cored before I left Kingcolm Grange. All that remained of my mad passion for Doris Carljon was a burning desire for revenge. Even that has passed away now. I am simply indifferent to her altogether. I could meet her face to face, and not feel a flutter at my heart or a flush on my cheek. I can leave her to Heaven. ed his senses, and is, therefore, unable to speak for himself. I have no doubt that he would be more grateful. Once more regretting that I should have been unauccessful in acting as your almoner, believe me faithfully yours, "Julius M'Choom." I can do nothing but let her alone, he said. "Things must take their course. If Onslow gets well he must marry her. "Do not judge me now by what I utter the can't be hound enough not to, unless he is what the doctor seems to dread—an idiot." He assured himself that nothing was waiting in the dismal little lodgings, and a thousand times how lonely he was, without any relations in the world. Sister, for sooth: A nice, innocent sister, truly:"

"Yes, both pure and innocent, whatever the world may say," Ernest Dormer rethe world may say, "Ernest Dormer rethe world may say," Ernest Dormer rethe world may say, "Ernest Dormer rethe world may say or raide. "The and the the induct we watch in said. "The must take their course.

"Do not judge me now by what I utter
the and take their course.

"Do not judge me now by what I utter
the and the in

"Quite sure. Lay your lips on mina, Muriel, and say you will have me. We shall be very poor, my dear, and you will spend your honeymone in nursing a brothen-down invalid; but I'll be true and faithful to you. Nay you love me enceup for such a sacrifice. I think you do—I read it in your eyes."

Muriel e lips could hardly deny what her eyes had revealed, and it was with a very full heart that she laid her head upon his breast and whispered how she loved him. All that day she watched him as he lay sleeping in the exhaustion which follows fever, and thought of the future. What mattered if they were poor, so he loved her and she was his wife? All remembrance of the discomfert of her pusition, the possible scandal, the celdasse with which she would be received when she went into the world again, vanished in the promised bliss of the future, and there was not a lighter heart in all London than hers when at length she lay down to rest after the excitement of the day.

The next day Jasper Onslow was able to talk, and discusse with Muriel what was to be done and what had passed. She told him everything that had happened, and how kind Ernest Dormer had been.

"But he is gone now," she said, "and I don't know a single creature I could tell."

"Of course not," he said, quickly. "No one must know what has happened till you go out with me my wife. Tell Mrs. Henderson, Muriel. She isn't a bad sort of woman at bottom, though something valgar-tongmed."

"Do you know, Jasper, I fancy she sus-

gar-tongued."
"Do you know, Jasper, I fancy she susposts."
"What?"

herself if she does, dear; Dux 1 mms will help you."

Murisi went down in the evening with considerable trepidation, and cought as andience of Mrs. Hendersow. That lady was in her own peculiar sanctum, reposing after the toils of getting her drawing-room lodgers dinner ready, and was tolerably good tempered.

"Can you spare me five minutes?"
Muriel asked. "I have something to say to you."

then, Mr. Dormer?"

"Then expect it for yourself. You are something too much interested in my affairs—a little more authoritative than becomes an outsider in what goes on at King colm Grange. You fancy it may one day be yours."

"Doris!"

"Oh, I know. You think I shall never marry. You are right—I never shall. Don't."

"New marry. You are right—I never shall. Don't."

"New mind yet awhile. Thank I fea.

"Indeed, medan: Then, may I ask—"Don't she still! I have told you what I want. There was no other way of getting into your house to more him. You would not have to mo mit. The shall never marry. You are right—I never shall. Don't."

"New Don't ry to talk yet. Drink a Muriel replied, hastily. "at least, till I have told you what I want. There was no other way of getting into your house to more him. You would not have led me in if I had said I was only a woman who level to me in the said. "You are right—I never shall. Don't."

"New Don't ry to talk yet. Drink a Muriel replied, hastily. "I have told you what I want. There was no other way of getting into your house to more him. You would not have led me in if I had said I was only a woman who level him so dearly that I would one for him if heed be, so I said he was my brother, and re
"I am here, Mr. Onsiow, "she said.

"You, Miss Chisholm!"

"Indeed, medan: "Indeed, medan: Then, may I ask—"

Indeed, medan: Then, may I ask—"

"Indeed, medan: Then, may I ask—"

"Indeed, medan: Then, may I ask—"

Indeed, medan: Then, and I ask I as I ask I a need be, so I said be was my brother, and now I want you to help us.

"Indeed, madam Miss a a "Cutsholm is my

"And what can I do for you? I cannot

And what can I do for you? I cannot permit you to
"To stay here under false pretences any longer; of course not. But we have no frenchs, either of us, and I don't know London, and you do. We want to be mar-

remain, and you do. We want to be married at once. Can you help us?"

"Married, my dear?"

"Yes. I know quite well how I have compromised myself by what I have done.

Mr. Onslow will not be able to go out for a long time, and I want to have the right to nurse him."

came you never.

"Bot I have left it ferever."

"For my sake to notes me?"

"Don't sek me. Mr. Onslow don't question me, for Heaven sake. You are better now, and I will go. It was only while there seemed no hope of your life that my place was by your side.

"Go, when I owe my life to you." Go, when I owe my life to you."

"Well, I'll come up and talk to Menay on have perilled your good name for my worthless sake." Stay and be my good angel forever, Muriel. Be my wife, and bear the expense.

"Well, I'll come up and talk to Menay the sake the life that I can't make it out, whe said to hereff, as Muriel went up-stairs light of heart and foot. If she is the woman he loves, by then, madmen and foot le. Why, I've listent in the same that the words have the right to be the mother of the pair of you, and I'll help you if I can. I can't make it out, whe said to hereff, as Muriel went up-stairs light of heart and foot, and here the woman he loves, by then, madmen and foot le. Why, I've listent in the same that the woman he loves, by then, madmen and foot le. "If she's the woman he loves, why, then madmen and fools lie. Why, I've listened to him shouting for 'Doris' somebody, and calling her his dering, many a time since that girl came here. Murrel' it's a pretty name, and she's a pretty creature. If help out, though I fancy he's only nearly ing her because he can't get the other one, who were she may be.

Onslow had no wish for Doris Carlyon to He was in love with Muriel but it w He was in love with Muriel but it was a love engendered by her patient devo than and brave self-accrifice. Mrs. Henderson learned nearly all there was to tell in her interview with him, and promised to fern the dergyman of the parish to him without

And so it came about that in a short time there was a quiet wedding in the nearest church. Jasper Onslow was just able to be driven to the church, and Murrel was pale and worn from all her watchin-and anxiety. Mrs. Henderson and an old



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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control, Master it is a sixt of all the problems of the sixt of th

Color Solo

myself, but the darkness falls so sud-denly."

But Alice did say it. She told him she disdained the love he offered, and told him so in cold and scoratial words which were to come back to her afterward with the orn-hing weight with which they fell upon his heart. And he watched the yarg, fresh lips from which the crost words were falling, as if he were struggling to awake from some desolute dream.

"You tell me this story of your child-hood, Mr. Vaughan," she ended, with chilling slowness, "because you rightly guess that I heard it before I returned it is an unrecessary to tell it to me at all

gness that I heard it before I returned
It is as unprecessary to tell it to me at all
row, as it is unnecessary to tell me of the
imagined love that was built upon decsit."
The shadows darkening his eyes as be
turned them slowly from here, fraghtened
her, and she dared not glance at him as he
act in that deathly silence, his chest heaving with violent emotion.

would accept my love when you knew all, whatever you may have been to me before; but I never dreamed that from your lips could come such words of ornel contempt. I will say nothing of their troth or false-ho d. It is enough for me that you can believe them."

not meet?
"Sir Bulkley, I've teen ill for weeks.
sir"—the one member of the crew, who had
been absent when the life-boat started,

geness that I heard it before I returned. It is an unnecessary to tell it one at all row, as it is unnecessary to tell use of the imagined love that was built upon deesit. The shadows darkening his eyes as be turned them slowly from hers, frightened her and the darted not glance at him as heat in that deathly silence, his chart heaving with violent emotion.

"If you were espable of such love as you speak of," she went on, with enting emphasis, in his long silence, "would your own mother and sister be tolling in poverty, while you are living among us as a genel man?

"Hash!" he said, slowly, as he rose, with a superressed passion in his steadfast eyes. "You have said enough to kill ny loope; more than you will care to recall in the years to come. Only in rare, sweet moments have I ever dreamed that you would accept my love when you knew all, see God bless her!"

but I never dreamed that from your lips could come such words of cruel contempt. I will say nothing of their truth or false-hood. It is exough for me that you can believe them."

The spring sunshine still streamed through the old window, but it touched the white, brave face no lenger. The slow step didd below upon the payment, and as each echo fell heavily on Alice's heart, also longed to cry aloud.

"If I had been prepared," she sighed wearily, "or if I had really been what he has thought me, I should have—have said it differently."

V. The waves sobbed gently and softly, tired of the passionate unrest of their long hight; and, gezing upon them with wide and tearless eyes, as if their mellow plash he wildered her. Alice stood sagin at that window from which she could see Owen's cottage home.

It was quite late in the morning when Mr. Gwynne returned to tell of the scene upon the sea shore last night.

"After al. In thankful to tell you only on accident occurred," he said, wondering at the depth and sadness of Alice's sympathy, "but it was a painful one indeed.

at the next station, or at all events at some distance from 18th. Ab, how little I know as growing or I should have felt glad to have had her glaing twee as grimly from the opposite seat?

"Travelling alone?"

"Yea" What an unnecessary question, I thought.

"You are much too young and pretty to be permitted to do so."

I meckly answered that my youth and prettiness were "faults" over which I had no control, and hinted at the possibility that time might be expected to cure both if only I lived long enough

She smiled—yes, really; not a bad smile, either.

"Thank you?" I said, eagerly. I took that if no words with a season if only I lived long enough

She smiled—yes, really; not a bad smile, either.

"Thank you?" I said, eagerly. I took that if no words with manners, with a significant look it if only I lived long enough

She smiled—yes, really; not a bad smile, either.

"Thank you?" I said, eagerly. I took the silve of being teken care of I am almost to be predicted to being teken care of I am almost to word of being teken care of I am almost word out. Besides, I have been at two garden eachers at two ladies are with it. Good, subtif ? The

The small weatvery, very most. Allow may be compared to the co

All the given the growth and the content of the con

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Corre

PHILADELPHIA, BATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

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SPRING GARDENING.

The setting out of plants in beds on the lawn or close to the house is so much like arranging a bonquet that if entrasted to an ordinary gardener it loses its charm. A lady's individuality will appear in the surroundings of her home. Her hand may be recognized throughout, as a painter in his pictures. These picturesque effects may be studied and practised to an indefinite extent, with daily and ever new delight on extent, with daily and ever new delight on the part of the artist; for an artist eye it mout be to work tastefully among forms and colors. There is no end to the lovely combinations of lovely things, made practicable by keeping somewhere out of sight a reserve force of plants, to use as a pointer dose his materials.

The first glory of the scaron, the spring bloom, has of course been arranged in the outumb, and now reveals itself in every ravishing feature, as flower after flower shoots up its tender stem and unfulls its delicate cup. There is no more fascinating branch of floriculture than that of the builless those miracles of beauty hidden extent, with daily and ever new delight on

ting branch of floriculture than that of the bulbs—those miracles of beauty hidden in the plain brown envelope, laid confi-dingly in the warm lap of mother earth; and just as soon as winter is over and gone, greeting as with smiling aweet salute that fulfils every promise. Hyscinth and tulp and daffodil broider the ground with rain-bow tints, just as the pleasant green of the lawn around them brightens and freshess der by dee.

day by day.

And now we are planning for the sum-And now we are plaining for the sum-mer. Gardeners live in visions of the fu-ture, enjoying more the long months of expectation than the short day of fruiton. Small and stinted the actual may be, but with the riches of their dreams who shall intermeddle? In the wide and wonderful realized fatt invacious their toy is surrealm of fair imaginings their joy is sure Sureat also are the dreamers of brilliant outcome. Brooding lovingly over their ideal, and working in faith and hope, they bring it to pass with a certainty inexplicable to outsiders. They are the elect of Floras kingdom, to whom she reveals her secrets, who know intuitively the laws of life and health that rule in the world of plants. Their ships are sure to appoint, their seeds to vegetate. The special knowledge for any new culture comes to them as involuntarily and unconsciously as the breath they draw.

they draw.
The real workers reap the largest, richest The real workers reap the largest, richest harvest of pleasure. Only far seeing, deep planning ceitivators, who watch and nurture the plant through all stages of growth to its triumphant flowering, know the full delight of the florist, but there are all grades of enjoyment proportioned to taste and opportunity. The professional florist is ready in May with his tempting stock of bedding out plants, and it is very pretty anuscence to select and arrange the lovely materials be offers. The eval bed or large wire basket under the drawing room window can be furnished with low growing is ready in May with his tempting stock of bedding out plants, and it is very pretty amusement to select and arrange the love-by materials he offers. The eval bed or targe wire basket under the drawing-room mindow can be furnished with low growing roses, heliotrope and carnations, with plenty of dwarf-nignonette and the invaluable sweet alyssum, the deep green of the loy and the grace of dainty vines and mentiones and medicines, but he had a present ment that the attack would prove fatal. At first he was able to rice on a donkey, but soon had to be carried. Arriving at Muslais, beyond Lake Bemba, in the Biss country, he said: "Build me a hut to discount the grace of dainty vines, by with the gray stone of the manion of their varied colors harmonizing delicate by with the gray stone of the manion." He had been the order of dwarf-geranium, with thunbergia and Kentward parameters or a scarle mass of dwarf-geranium, with thunbergia and Kentward parameters or a scarle mass of dwarf-geranium, with thunbergia and Kentward parameters are a scarle mass of the day he was confined to his bed, and afferwards suffered greatly, groaning day and night. The third day he said he was a servant, was broad to be carried that Alcohol, then the clean of substances capable of contributing the toward the maintenance of the vital function."

Dr. E. Smith, F. B. S., says: "Alcohol is not a true food. It interferes with alia and clematic." (1855)

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, in the fourth edition of his "Manual of Physiology" (1865) and Muslais, beyond Lake Bemba, in the Biss country, he said: "Build me a hut to die to several colors harmonizing delicate by with the gray stone of the maintenance of the vital function."

The body of Dr. L.vingstone.

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The body of Dr. L.vingstone has arrived at Suer. dwarf-germium, with fluntergia and bet-dworth ivy trailing invariantly over the edge. Nothing could be more brilliant for a sunny spot than a bed or basket of porta-laceas. They are of the warmest, richest colors, and are now produced dunth as roses. True children of the sun, they Insuriate to his mid day beams, rejoicing when all things else languish in the heat of the sun mer noon; and the lightest breath when all things else larguists in the heat of the sum mer moon, and the hightest breath of air is enough to stir up a frolic in the merry company of innumerable blassoms. The shady places, where nothing close will flourists, should abound in ferms, foreign of the dead man, Rosa. The body was them know what daily treasures of joy are in their exquisite beauty. For an effective, treased looking clump on the laws, there merry company of innumerable bisseoms. The shady places, where nothing clee will flourish, should abound in feria, foreign or native. Only those who have grown them know what daily treasures of joy are in their exquisite beauty. For an effective, tropical looking clump on the lawn, there is the stately Canna and the flaming sword-life, the schedule Gladolou, Calladium. fily, the splendid Gladiolus, Calladium, giant-leaved, and, towering over all, the nick growing Kicinus. The summer liles, prepared and fragrant, should have a choice gorgeous and fragrant, should have a choice apoit to themselves, and, serenely apart, on the sunny side of a group of arborvite fair shining from the green background, the spotless queen of them all, supreme in grace and sweetness, the cruwining glory of June, pure white, with heart of virgingeds,—the Lidy of the Annunciation.

4 There is a general reaction of taste toward old fashioned gardening, and the test events may sometimes be achieved by combining the two,—working out fine effects of color, with flowers that are not meeredy showy, but rich in Strinsic merits

rely showy, but rich in ptrinsic merits be beautiful, fragmant, soul-full favorites OF BURNOR MARRIAGES.

emong the Burnese is a most peculiar in-stitution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of cuch other a society, they dissolve partner-thing in the following simple and touching test conclusive manner: They respectively hight two candles, and shutting up their hast alt down and wait until they are burned up. The one whose candle burns out first grist up at once and leaves the house (and forwer) taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

THE PILORIMS.

The accrete for their accrete into a factor of the lack and givenny slight. And the temport walls above us, And the stars have bed their light list the her was the darknown flowed t alvary a Cross that day (c). Lamb of tool, who takes I have a simple for the world away. Have mercy on so !

Our hearts are fairt with morrow,
Heavy and hard to bear,
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair;
Thom accoved all our signific,
And Thom with bid it come:
Oil, Lembar with the come:
And the world amay,
The six of the world amay,
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCEER.

Dickens's Last Years. Dickens's Last Years.

The story of Dickens's last years, as set down in the closing volume of Forster's biography, is, says the Saturday Review, as and as it is simple. "We see a man of gestims killing himself by inches in the effort to make money. The strong man breaks down by constantly straining his powers a little too far; the work which was once done spontaneously, without a conscious effort, has to be performed at high pressure, and with an ever-increasing sense of its painfulness; and, moreover, as Mr. Forster says himself, the task under which Dickens ultimately broke down was one which, if not below his dignity, was at least not the highest to which he might have devoted himself. Should a man of genius show himself, in public for money? least not the highest to which he might have devoted himself. Bhould a man of genius show himself in public for money? Should a great novelist condescend to be an actor? These are questions which we need not answer; there is much to be said on both sides, but at least it is painful to see a man whose powers were in their way unrivalled, actually working himself to death in an employment which, to say the least of it, did not give scope for the worthiest employment of his faculties. And what was the cause of this restless, unceasing, unsatisfactory labor? The answer is only too plain, but we preface it by one distinct statement. 'No man, says Mr. Forster, 'could care essentially less for money' than Dockens. We fully and unreservedly accept the statement. We believe as fully as Mr. Forster that Dickens was as generous a man as could be named, and was entirely above any sordid desire for money-making, and yet he himself tells us in the plainest language that his primary motive for undertaking a tesk of this kind was the recupiary rebe named, and was entirely above any soudid desire for money-making; and yet he himself tells us in the plainest language is that his primary motive for undertaking a task of this kind was the pecuniary reward. The pages of this book are painfally full of the subject. He wanted, says Mr. Forster, to make a provision for his sons. It is impossible to avoid the reflection that he had apparently ample means for providing for a large family by the ordinary exercise of his profession. He was beyond all comparison the most popular author who ever wrote English. He twice received, as Mr. Forster tells us, a thousand pounds for a story not half the length of one of the numbers of "Copperfield, and Mr. Forster adds that there are no "other such instances in the history of intersture." The success of his writings was beyond all precedent. The Christman number of All the Year Round had a sale of 200 coppes. Soott in all his glory was not to be compared with Dickons in point of immediate popularity. Surely, one would think, a man in such a position might be independent enough of pecuniary cares to allow his mind due rest, and employ it upon worthy tasks. The arguments, however, which induced Dickens to lecture in America in spite of Mr. Forster a dissuance, we wind to this, that he calculated upon making 415 500 by eighty readings. On his return from America he continued his reduces in No. 2 of the minuter of the minuter of the calculated upon making 415 500 by eighty readings. On his return from America he continued his reduces in No. 2 of an alimentary word doces on the same of the compared with Dickons to lecture in America in spite of Mr. Forster a dissuance, and early the calculated upon making 415 500 by eighty readings. On his return from America he continued his reduces in No. 2 of an alimentary with description of an alimentary of the compared was an extended to the composition of th

come to this, that he calculated upon making 415.500 by eighty readings. On his return from America he continued his readings in England; and calculates that by both together he will have made £28,000 in a year and a half."

Dr. Livingstone made his las present. entry in his diary on April 27 Il most sadly of his home and family He spoke

respect, and allowed his followers to rebark coffin and commenced the journey to Unyanyembe, which took six months, sending in advance a party with information of all that had occurred, addressed to Dr. Livingstone's son. The advance party was met by Mr. Cameron, who sent took bales of cloth and powder. The body arrived at Unyanyembe ten days after the advance party, and rested there two weeks Mr. Cameron, Murphy and Dillon also arrived together—the latter very ill, his such it with the self-such party in the such that the self-such that the such that the self-such that the self rived together the latter very ill, his sight lected. He afterwards gone and mind affected. He afterwards committed suicide at Karakara, and was committed enteide at Karakara, and was buried there. At Unyamyembe, Livingsione's remains were placed in another bark case, the smaller one, done up to represent a bale of goods, was to deceive the natives, who objected to the passage of the corpus, and was thus carried to Zanzibar. Fir. Livingstone's clothing, papers and instruments accompanied the body. When sick in bed he prayed much at Mulala, and said, "I am going home."

67 It is remarkable how many English we it is remarkative how many English-men in the front rank of intellect and fame have, in this generation, acknow-ledged their obligations to their wives for the best part of their intellectual life. John Stuart Mill, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Stuart Mill, Lord Faimerston, Lor Melbonree, Sir Saumel Eaker, are name that recall in every case a full and affection are record of conjugal virtue and excellence The perfect companionship of Quen Vic-toria with her bushand is well known.

FREE PLATFORM

We give this week an article from a lady, upon the affirmative side of the Prohibitory Law question, and an article from "No Fanatic," quoting the recent letter from Dr. Cartis, which has attracted so much attention. We also give a number of other authorities on the question, "Is Alcohol Poisonous."

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

Mgsane. Entrons—If we women are to e allowed a word on your Free Platform, shall be glad to have a few words with be allowed a word on your Free Flatform, I shall be glad to have a few words with "Ny Fanatic." Like Temperace, I am an advocate of Prohibition. Yes, of Prohibition "rine every form, by law and by moral force," or any other way. I would not have it prohibited only in certain places and bar-rooms, grog shops, &c., but at every point, in every house, no matter what the dealer dealt in. This thing of prohibiting liquors in saloons, &c., and allowing it at drug stores for "medicinal purposes" won't do. Here is a small village not many miles above me, where it was prohibited to all save drug stores. Well, saloons were closed, but within a month five new drug stores (and no exaggeration) were stried, and there was more sickness among the male inhabitants of that place than had ever been heard of before. It is half imagination that cannes it to be adopted as medicine any way. I believe we would do better without it, even for that purpose. "No Fanatic" urges "simple appeal to the moral and religious emotions of men. You might as well hammer away on a fixed rock, hunting for its moral emotions, as try to touch such feelings in some men. Moral suasion will do for some, but there are many who have no moral or religious emotions—they have them, none are without—but they will not heed them. Yet they have vives and children who must suffer and what woman whose husband loves the accursed drink, or what child whose father dose the same, does not anffer?

No, sir, nothing but Prohibition will do; as long as lovers of it are allowed to taste

or what child whose father does the same, does not suffer?

No, sir, nothing but Prohibition will do; as long as lovers of it are allowed to taste it they will have it. Now they have only to hand over their ten or fifteen cents, or whatever it may be, and the drink is theirs; and they will have that ten or fifteen cents if it takes the last monthful of bread and meat from the miserable women and children. Why right here in our midst a man—a whisky lover, walked up and wanted to sell a feather bed weighing forty pounds to a dealer in whisky—for the worth of \$3 in whisky. That dealer was honest and would make no such trade—pity there are not more such; but the whisky-lover sold his bad elsewhers. He would have his liquor. Don't you know that man will have whisky as long as it is sold? As to Prohibitory Laws cansing the growth of contemptible morals—that must surely be a mistake. The world would be better than we can dream of. Homes would be pleasant, and hearts bappy. Whose morals are worse than a furnkard a? Who can tattle and pry more than a half-drunken man, and even if wentrum and stake.

Baron Liebig says: "Beer, wine, spirits, etc., furnish no element expable of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle."

Professor Moleschott, in his work on the "Chemistry of Diet," says: "Alcohol does not deserve the name of an alimentary principle." (Erlangen, 1853.)

Professor Lehmann, in his "Physiological Chemistry," says: "We cannot believe

says. "It is clear that we must cease to bregard Alcohol os in any sense an aliment."

Dr. Markham, F. R. S., sams up a long discussion on Alcohol in "The British Medical Journal," as follows:—"It is, to all intents, a foreign agent, which the body gets rid of as soon as it can. Alcohol is not a supporter of combustion. Part, probably the whole of it, escapes from the body, and none of it, so far as we know, edy; and none of it, so far as we know, is assimilated. It is, therefore, not a food in the eye of Science.

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, justly savs: "The respect, and amoved his followers to remove the body, which they placed in a bark coffin and commenced the journey to eided in regard to the low value of Alcohol, in comparison with fat, as a heating material. The operation of A essentially that of a stimulus. leaved by a corresponding depression of post Where exhibitation is produced, there

Where subsequent depression."

Baron Liebig says of the drinker—

"SPIRITS by their action on the nerves, enable him to make up deficient power of his body."

He conthe expense of his body. He consumes his capital instead of his interest.

Wive is constantly followed.

sumes his capital instead of his interest,

" Wine is constantly followed by
the expenditure of power."
Professor Christison, M. D., in his
"Treatise on Poisons," ranks Alcohol,
along with nightshade, nux vonice, and
tobacco, in the class of double poisons—
"narrotice-acrid," being both local ortitants and producing an effect on the

ervone system."

Dr. Charles Wilson, in his admirable sok, "The Pathology of Drunkenness"

Edin., 1855, says — "No circumstances Edin., 1855, says - No circumstruct ordinary life can render even

IS ALCOHOL A POISON !

Massas Entroise—The question, "Is Al-cohol a Poison?" never had any great inte-rest for me—for I never thought it decided the question whether slecohole liquors were poisons, any more than the question

LETTER FROM DR CURTIS

I take the liberty of asking for space in your columns for the accompanying remarks on the general nature of the action of alcohol on the animal system, which seem to me to be called for by the many erroneous ideas on that subject current in the newspapers. And as much of what I have to say is opposed to common opinion, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for remarking, as a cort of voucher for such statements, that being the teacher of "materia medica and therapeutics" in one of the medical colleges of this city, I have necessarily given a good deal of attention to the study of the physiological action of all articles used in medicine, and an obliged to keep myself carefully informed of every advance in knowledge on such subjects.

As no good to the temperance or any other cause can come out of misconception as to matters of fact, I am impelled to say that late researches in physiological chemistry have put the action of alcohol on the animal system in a new light. Without going into technical details, the following are the main facts of the matter:

Contrary to what was lately believed, it has been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that alcohol when drunk is not "ejected from the system unchanged," except in trifling amount when taken in

a doubt that alcohol when drunk is not "ejected from the system unchanged," except in triding amount when taken in grossly intoxicating quantity. On the contrary, in ordinary amounts it is wholly consumed, transformed, in the system, and by the nature of its chemical composition is capable, like certain elements of ordinary food, of thus yielding force which can be used by the economy to do life-work, as the heat of the burning coal drives the engine.

ngine.
In this fact we have a key to the effects In this fact we have a key to the effects of alcoholic drinks on man. Thus within certain limits of dose, alcohol is transformed like ordinary food in the system without producing any injurious effects, and yielding useful force for the purposes of the economy, must be considered as a food in any philosophical sense of the word. And an important point to know, and one little understood, is that this food-action is attended with recurring or intertesting.

ittle understood, is that this food-action is attended with no exciting or intoxicating influence, but the whole effect, like that of ordinary food, is seen in the maintenance or restoration, according to circumstances, of that balance of function called health.

But if taken in greater quantity than can be utilized as a force-pielding food, the excess of alcohol acts as a poison, producing a well-known train of perturbations of function. And—again a point generally misunderstood—all signs of departure from the natural condition in the drinker, from the first floshing of the check, bright-

function. And—again a point generally misunderstood—all signs of departure from the natural condition in the drinker, from the first flushing of the check, brightening of the eye, and unnatural mental excitement, to the general paralysis of complete dronkenness, belong equally to the poisonous effect of alcohol. That is, for I wish strongly to insist upon this point, even the early phases of alcohol-disturbance, which are often improperly called "atimulating," are part and parcel of the injuriously disturbing influence of over-dossage, and must be put in the same category with the more obviously poisonous effects of pronounced intoxication. Alcohol has thus a two-fold action. First, it is capable, in proper dose, of being consumed and utilized as a force-producer; in which case there is no visible disturbance of normal function. Such action cannot be distinguished either by the drinker or the physiologist from that of a quickly digestible fluid food, and is no more an "excitement" or "stimulation," followed by a "recoil" or "depression," than is the action of a bowl of hot soap or of a glass of milk. The second action is the poisonions influence of an excess of alcohol circulating in the blood, which makes itself sensible to the drinker by peculiar sensations and disturbances, and is not only followed by "depression," but is itself a form of depression—that is, a disturbance of balance; an unnatural perturbation of the normal working of the functions.

Every reader of these lines will at once as form of depression—that is, a disturbance and the surface of the sensible to the drinker by neculiar sensations and disturbances, and is not only followed by "depression," but is itself a form of depression that is, a disturbance of balance; an unnatural perturbation of the normal working of the functions.

Every reader of these lines will at once as the disturbance of balance; an unnatural perturbation of the normal working of the functions.

Every leader is a shifting one. Even in health it varies according to age, se

vidual peculiarity and habit, and even in the same person according to his physical condition for the time being. When fa-tigned by bodily or mental work, when auffering from emotional agitation, as an-riety or fear: when worn by loss of sleep, of blood or by sein, argumpts of alcohol. of blood, or by pain, amounts of alcohol which ordinarily would flush the face and somewhat confuse the mind, will be borne by the same person without producing the slightest symptom of intoxication; the whole effect of the drink being expended whole effect of the drink being expended in relieving the pre-existing malaise, and restoring the system to its normal condition. And in more formal morbid states, as in many diseases, the poison-line ofton shifts to an astounding degree, so that what would in health produce even dangerous drunkenness will be borne without canning the least intovication; the whole causing the least intoxication; the whole of the alcohol being apparently utilized by the system for obtaining the life-saving energy which this fluid, from its swift ab the system for obta

energy which this fluid, from its switt atsorption and ready chemical change in the
blood, can so quickly yield.

It can no longer be truthfully said,
therefore, that alcohol never "gives
strength." For since in proper dose it
can be used as one of those food substances whose province is to furnish force
to run the living machine, the giving of
strength under such circumstances happens
to be exactly what it does do, as closely as
words can express it. It is also plain that to be exactly what it does do, as closely as words can express it. It is also plain that it is inscourate to speak of alcohol in a sweeping way as a "poison." For the poisonous effects belong only to an excess of the article swallowed above what can be utilized as a food; and the propers of being injurious—that is, poisonous, in overdose—is a common one to most easily absorbable articles of diet, as tea, coffee, salt, sugar, d.1, although of curse the nature and degree of the deleterious effect differ widely with different things. Still further, some late researches make it more than probable that a certain amount of alfurther, some late researches make it more than probable that a certain amount of alcohol is regularly formed in the animal economy, since a substance answering all the tests of alcohol has been detected in small quantity as a regular ingredient of the blood and certain secretions, both in animals and in men who had taken no alcoholic drink for years. To speak therefore of alcohol unqualifiedly as a poison, is moorreed and improper from every point in the proper and improper from every point.

whether oxygen or nitrogen gas is a poison, would decide whether air, a compound of oxygen and nitrogen, is a poison.

Int for the benefit of those who do attach great value to the settlement of this question, I beg leave to quote this week the following letter which recently appeared in the Y. Tribune, from the pen of a high medical authority, giving the latest views of scientific men upon the subject:

hol on the animal system; and my object in this brief letter is simply to present these facts as clearly as I can before those facts as clearly as I can be fore

OLD LOVE.

The broadsword loses its glitter As it hange in the ancient hall; Rusted and blunt grows the keen-edged blade. That once so gallant a champion made. As it gleamed from the castle wall.

The pewel loses its lustre
As it lies in its velvet nest,
Till dull and dim is the good cod g
That showed such a royal light of
As it flashed from a beauty's bre-

The blue eye loses its power
As age comes creeping on;
The fair torus droops from its stately grace,
The coses by from the care-ween face,
The charm from the trembling tone,

The color fades from the canvas, The magic from ringing rhyme; Now is there a poy in this world of ours, Riches, or glories, or hopes, or flowers, But dies at the touch of Time?

Ay, Love in his pure serenity
Can the pittless spell defy,
For lears cannot drown, nor absence dim,
And death itself may not conquer him,
For true love never can die.

Faults of Temper.

Faults of Temper.

Faults of Temper.

Few men have sweet tempers, or hold anch as they possess under steady, invariable control, though there are men who, without this sweetness of nature, however much tried, never seem to lose their self-command. No public man can get on long who has not his temper well in hand; but, with the same amount of infammable particles, men differ very much on the occasions that set fire to them. Some people, who are all composure whon we might reasonably expect and justly occase an explosion, will break down into peerishness or passing frenzy on slight provocations. We have known mon, quite remarkable for a well-bred serenity, to be unreasonably and childship testy at some transient annoyance of a sort they are not used to. Highly sensitive organizations and intellects, kept on the stretch, are always irritable. De quincey, who has no heroes, says that Wordsworth, with all his philosophy, had fits of ill-temper, though the unexampled sweetness of his wife's temper made it impossible to quarrel with her.

Nor does the field in which temper exercises itself make much difference. A divine defending his favorite views is as peppery as any layman; while he flushes, and his eye gleams and scintiliates with less consciousness of the spirit that rouses the giare than the disputant in secular matters—the distinction between zeal and temper being more easily drawn by his opponent or observer than by himself. How often we read of meetings between religious and philanthropic leaders, looked forward to as a greet occasion by their followers, leaving only painful regrets, through some accidental spark falling upon the combustible element in the composition of one or both. The two great hymnwriters and good Christians, Newton and Topiady, met but once, and but for a few minutes, yet something pussed—a trifling jest—which upset Toplady's equanimity, and made his parting words, we are told by the friendly bystander, not very conreteous.—Blackwood s

Mrs. Astor's Diamonds.

Mrs. Astor's Diamonds.

Mrs. Astor, the wife of the hundredmillionaire of New York, appeared at a
party which she gave at her Fifth avenue
residence, the other evening, in a style that
would justify any reporter in saying that
she "literally blazed all over with diamonds." On each side of her shoulders
she had four stars, the size of silver halfdollars, made of diamonds. Her hair was
set very thickly with diamonds, and her
head seemed at ame with them. There was
a diamond bandeau upon her brow. She
had diamond ear-rings, and a diamond
necklace of magnificent proportions. Upon
the two sides of her chest, were two circles
of diamonds, about the size of the palm
of the hand. From them depended lines
and curves of diamonds reaching to her
waist, round which she wore a diamond
girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front,
were two large peacocks, wrought of lines girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front, were two large peacocks, wronght of lines of diamonds. There were rosettee of diamonds on her slippers. There were diamonds, large or small, but in every variety of form, all over her dress and person, wherever they could be artistically placed. She presented an extraordinary and descaling spectacle, as she moved languidly through the dance, among her friends. One of the ladies present a connoissent in through the dance, among her friends.
One of the ladies present, a connoisseur in precious stones, who kept cool enough to take practical observations, says the diamonds she were could not have cost less than a million dollars, and must have represented her husband's income for at presented her husband's income for at least a quarter of a year. This same lady, who is familiar with court life in Europe, says that the largest collection of diamonds in possession of any European empress or queen belongs to the present German empress, but she adds that over Augusta herself could not make a diamond show which would begin to compare with that made by Mrs. Astor.

A Penitent Dog.

A Penitent Dog.

If children were only as penitent and well-behaved as many a dumb animal, parents and friends would have an easier time. The following story seems incredible, but it has vonchers for its truth:

Hon, G. F. Richardson, of Lowell, owns a magnificent Newfoundland dog. Last spring Mrs. Richardson took the children and dog to the photograph saloon to have the group taken, but the dog was in a wilful mood and would not pose, and was turned out. The next day the dog put in an appearance at the saloon and scratched at the door till he was admitted; he then proceeded directly to the spot assigned him the day before, and placed himself in the exact position that had been desired by the artist. The photograph was taken, and when completed put into a box and given to the dog, who carried it directly to his master; but it being April ist, the master was at first suspicious, but at length yielded to the dog's pertinacity and opened the box.

Golden Silence.

Golden Silence.

"A pain forgotten is a pain cured," is a proverb I have never heard, but I think it would be a good one. I know more than one person who cherishes ailments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of conversation, which is never agreeable, and one person who cherishes aliments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of con-versation, which is never agreeable, and ceases to be interesting to others after a time. If the purpose of such conversation is to obtain sympathy, it certainly fails of its object. When one is really auffering, a regard for the feelings of friends would cause one to be very careful not to talk fore of alcohol unqualifiedly as a poison, is incorrect and improper from every point of view.

Such, according to the present state of chemical and physiological science, are the main facts concerning the action of alcohola assuaged?—Christian Weekly.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A JUST CRITICISM IN RHYME, FITHER-SEITHER.

HAVE SOURCE AND THERE.

HAVE YOU SEEN A dictionary.

Of this new vocabulary.

Which pronounces either i-ther,

And pronounces either i-ther?

We may call it affectation,

should-show pronunciation;

It upsets the el diphthone,

As pronounced by scholars long,

Making e and i change places.

With the ease of Greetin graces;

Only let them change their stations.

In the place in all relations—

Change their places in believers,

Change concedied to concyled,

Fortune's freight to tright affrighted,

For the rule which gives us t-ther,

Changing neither into ny-ther,

Change included in the playons,

And deceivers all belyons,

And deceivers all decyvers.

The concelled man concyted,

While the freighted stip is fry-ted,

Deigning, too, is dimin, true,

For every line bridge something new,

ye'n is vine before this current;

Weight is wite, with Yankee accent;

If you cannot change these, also,

bpeak as others do, or should do,

AN INVITED NOSE

At one of the demi-French reunions, not long since, a little scone occurred which amused the few who witnessed it. About ten o'clock a monsieur entered, very correct in his "getting up," unexceptionable in his demeanor, of fine figure—altogether an accomplished gentleman, but a gentleman gifted with a very considerable nasal organ. The old proverb says, "A large nose never spoiled a handsome face," and the stranger justified the proverb.

Advancing to the mistress of the house, he made the formal reverence which ceremony requires on a first visit, then, taking a more familiar tone, he said, "It has been very happy to accept your invitation, madam; an honor of which it is quite unworthy."

This was said in a low voice, but so distinctly articulated that it could be understood by those who stood near.

The ladly, who, though a very distingue person, is somewhat timid, because still young, was somewhat embarrassed at this address, and, thinking she had misunderstood him, replied—

"Excuse me, sir; you were saying—"

"I said, madam, that it was very grateful for the invitation to your soires."

The bystanders exchanged looks and began to whisper; the lady became more and more out of countenance.

"I do not understand you," she said, at length; "of what are you speaking?"

The gentleman did not speak again, but pointed, in reply, to the prominent feature in his face.

"What! do you know? Oh, how imprudent "a strain and the standard the standa At one of the demi-French reunions, not

pointed, in repr, to the product in his face.

"What! do you know? Oh, how imprudent!" exclaimed the lady: and blushing from her chin to her eyes, she concealed in her handkerchief a face half-laughing and

her handkerchief a face half-laughing and half-embarrassed.

The explanation of this little mystery soon came out. The hostess had met this gentleman the evening before at the house of her sister, where he made himself very agreeable, as was his custom. On her re-turn, recollecting her own soirce of the next day, ahe wrote hastily the following next day, she wrote hastily the following concise note to her sister :-

"I have taken a liking to the big nose. Give it an invitation for me

Her madeap relative amused herself by sending the invitation as it was, and the gentleman responded to the joke in a manner which brought the laughter on his

THE BITER BITTEN.

THE BITER BITTEN.

A man in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed with five seals, and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained one hundred thelers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise. "Why! this letter is for me: I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ton thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize, but, on breaking the seals, found nothing but a few sheets of blank paper, on which was written "Done."

TWO CALVES.

A correspondent of a neighboring journal tells of a country clerk in a rural town who had a pet calf which he was training up in the ways of the ox. The calf walked around very peacefully under one end of the yoke while Mr. Clerk held up the other end, but in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke, to let the calf see how it would work with a partner. This frightwould work with a partner. This fright-ened the calf, and elevating his tail, he struck a dead run for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along with his head down and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice, "Hore, here! Confound it! Somebody head us off!"

THE PRI DENT LAMB.

"The millenium has come," said a lion to a lamb; "suppose you come out of the fold and let us lie down together, as it as been foretold we should." "Been to dininquired the lamb. bite of anything since breakfast," was the reply, "except a few lean swine, a sadbite of anything since breakfast," was the reply, "except a few lean awine, a saddle or two, and some old harness." "I distrust a millenium," continued the lamb, thoughtfally, "which consists solely in our lying down together. My notion of that happy time is, that it is a period in which pork and leather are not articles of diet, but in which every respectable itou shall have as much mutton as he can consume. However, you may go over to youder sunny hill and lie down until I come."

THE WORST OF IT.

THE WORST OF IT.

A few years since there pervaded Chicago a speculator in grain, the boldness and magnitude of whose operations were worthy even of that city. This gentleman, Mr. Richard H., had gone into one cornering operation in wheat, by which he becare slightly "hurt." In alluding to it a few weeks ago he remarked, "with characteristic blandness and frankness," "I lost in that speculation one million five hundred thousand dollars, and the worst of was that fifteen hundred dollars of

Cold Sour.—At a recent reception given by the Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina, among the delicacies of the season, some ies-cream, in a rather liquid condition, was passed around; upon tasting which one of the newly-elected State Senators, to whom ies-cream was as great a rarity as his political office was a novelty, exclaimed, "Golly, chile, dis am de coldest soup I sever ats!"

Copy

A SPRING MORNING.

now to their lazy

EAST LYNNE:

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER XXIV .- (CONTINUED,)

Mr. Carlyle came to the front door, opened it, and admitted Captain Thorn. He brought him into the clerks office, which was bright with gas, keeping him in conversation for a few minutes standing, and then saking him to be seated; all in full view of the little window.

"I must beg your pardon for being late," Captain Thorn observed. "I am half an hour beyond the time you mentioned, but the Herberts had two or three friends at dinner, and I could not get away. I hope, Mr. Carlyle, you have not come to your office to-night purposely for me."

"Basiness must be attended to," somewhat evasively answered Mr. Carlyle: "I have been out myself nearly all day. We received a communication from London this morning, relative to your affair, and I am sorry to say it is anything but satisfactory. They will not wait."

"But I am not liable, Mr. Carlyle. Not liable is reserter."

"But I am not liable, Mr. Carlyle. Not

He returned and released Richard. The latter took off his hat as he advanced into the blaze of light.

"Well, Richard, is it the same man?"
"No, sir. Nor in the least like him."
Mr. Carlyle, though little given to emotion, felt a strange relief—relief for Captain Thorn's sake. He had rarely seen one whom he could so little associate with the notion of a murderer as Captain Thorn, and he was a man who exceedingly won upon the regard. He would heartily help him out of his dilemma now.

"Excepting that they are both tall, with nearly the same color of hair, there is no resemblance whatever between them," proceeded Richard. "Their faces, their figures are as opposite as light is from dark. That other, in spite of his handsome features, had the expression at times of a demon; but this one's expression is the best part of his face. Hallijohn's murderer had a curious look here, sir."

"Where?" questioned Mr. Carlyle, for Richard had only registed to he fees core.

rions look here, sir."
"Where?" questioned Mr. Carlyle, for Richard had only pointed to his face gene-

lay, whether in the eyebrows or the eyes: I could not tell when I used to have him before me; but it was in one of them. Ah, Mr. Carlyle, I thought, when Barbara told

"Not quite nothing," said Mr. Carlyle.
"The question is now set at rest."

""Sat at event." "repeated Barbners." "It is lifering to more uncordinity than event."

Thors. And whilst our empirious were concentration gray bids, we become the string room. The concentration gray bids, we become the string room. The concentration of the string room of the string room. The concentration of the string room of the string room of the string room. The concentration of the string room of the st

I am things have gone off so well."
He set off at a strapping pace toward his tome, and Barbars leaned on the gate to indulge in tears. Not a soul passed to inthe shoulders, and I distinctly saw his

will no.

antice.

If what you tell me be account law are sometimes in option and it is a summary of the growth of the secondary of the second

the high road, "he put out his head to say it to the ocachman, and the man touched his in al. Which high road would cause them to pass Mr. Hare's.

"I did not know you," she began, gethering herself into her own corner. "What ugly thing is that you have on? It is like a diagnize." "What you have on? It is like a diagnize, and he was taking off the "ugly thing" as she spoke, and began to twirl it round his hand. "Diagnize? Oh, no, I have no receditors in the immediate neighborhood of East Lynne."

False as ever. It was worn as a disgue, and he knew it.

"Is Mr. Carlyle at home?" she inquired.

"No." Then, after a pause—"I expost he is more agreeably engaged."

"No." Then, after a pause—"I expost he is more agreeably engaged."

"The tone, a most significant one, brought the tingling blood to the cheeks of Ludy Isabel. She wished to preserve a dignified silence, and did, for a few moments; but the tingling blood to the cheeks of Ludy Isabel. She wished to preserve a dignified silence, and did, for a few moments; but the tingling blood to the cheeks on the manner?"

"As I came by Hare's house just now, I saw two people, a gentleman and a young, I addy, coupled lovingly together, enjoying, I addy, coupled lovingly together, enjoying, I addy, coupled lovingly together, enjoying, I attended the propose of the propose of the propose of pass the hours with Harbara, leading the propose to pass the hours with Harbara he was peaking his hair from his ways—specular way, added the wondered what the time was and pausing black his hair. "By that actue the wondered what the time was a manner?"

I Ludy lasbel slinost gnashed her teeth; the jeslous doubts which had been torm firmed. That the man whom she hated—ty was the wonder of the proposed by the word of the proposed by the wondered what the time was, and invoked by the wondered what the

before me; but it was in one would be the many of the me that the set in the them. There we should not be work on the work of the work of

Mr. Carlyle, amazed and wondering, turned back. They got over the field stile, nearly opposite the gates, draw behind the bedge, and there Richard told his tale. Mr. Carlyle did not appear to doubt it, as Barbara had done; perhaps he could not, in the face of Richard's agitated and intense earnestness.

"I am sure there is no one named Thorn in the neighborhood, save the gentleman in the neighborhood, save the gentleman in the neighborhood, save the gentleman." I am sure there is no one named Thorn in the neighborhood, save the gentleman. There was no hight bowever, save

collected her senses, and finally sat up in bed.

"My lady! Are you ill?"

"Ill? Yes; ill and wretched," answered Lady Isabel; and ill she did look, for she was perfectly white. "Joyce, I want a promise from you. If anything should happen to me, stay at East Lynno with my children."

Joyce stared in amazement, too astonished to make any reply.

"Joyce, you promised it once before; promise it again. Whatever betide you, you will stay with my children when I am gone."

could be find her, and, feeling perplexed, he proceeded to his sister's chamber door and knocked.

Miss Carlylo was a slight sleeper, and

"It is only I, Cornelia," said Mr. Cariyle. "You!" ejaculated Miss Corny, "what

the name of fortune do you wants ou can come in."

Mr. Carlyle opened the door, and met the

rooms; neither is she in the children's

baid; she's gone worrying after Joyce.
Perhaps the girl may be in pain to night.

Mr. Carlyle was in full retreat toward.

ande. There was no light, however, save that which came from the laper he held, and he saw no signs of his wife. Where was she? Was it probable that Joyce could tell him? He stepped inside the room and called to her.

tell him? He stepped thence the room and called to her.

Joyce started up in a fright, which changed to astonishment when she recog-nized her master. He inquired whether Lady Isabel had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been dreaming of Lady lastei, and could not at first detach the dream from the visit which had probably given rise to it.

"When years go on, and my children ask where their mother is, and why she left them, tell them that you, their father, saw his which had probably given rise to if.

find her."
"Why, yea," said Joyce, now fully aronsed. "She came here and woke me.
That was just before twelve, for I heard the clock strike. She did not stay here a supports of the contract of the contract

That was just before twelve, for I heard the clock strike. She did not stay here a minute, air."

"Woke you!" repeated Mr. Carlyle. "The handwriting, his wife's, swam before the clock strike. She did not stay here a minute, air."

"Woke you!" repeated Mr. Carlyle. "Thoughts are quick; imagination is still quicker; and Joyce was giving the reins to both. Her mistress's gloony and ambiguous words were crowding on her brain. Three o'clock! and she had not been in bed, and was not to be found in the home? A namelese horror struggled to Joyce's face, her eyes were dilating with it, she seized and threw on a large flannel gown which lay on a chair by the bed, and forgetful of her master who stood there, out she sprang to the floor. All minor considerations faded to insignificance baside the terrible dread which had taken possession of her. Clasping the flannel gown tight. "What did she want? what did she come here for?"
Thoughts are quick; imagination is still quicker; and Joyce was giving the reins to both. Her mistress's gloomy and ambiguous words were crowding on her brain. Three o'clock! and she had not been in bed, and was not to be found in the house? A nameless horror struggled to Joyce's face, her eyes were disting with it; she seized and threw on a large flannel gown which lay on a chair by the bed, and forgetful of her master who stood there, out she sprang to the floor. All minor considerations fasted to insignificance beside the terrible dread which had taken possession of her. Clasping the flannel gown tight round her with one hand, she faid the other on the arm of Mr. Carlyle.

"Oh, master! oh, master! she has destroyed herself! I see it all now."

"Joyce," sternly interrupted Mr. Carlyle

"She has destroyed herself, as true as that we two are living here," persisted Joyce, her own face livid with emotion. "I can understand her words now: I could not before. She came here—and her face was like a corpse as the light fell upon it—saying she had come to get a promise from me to stay with her children when she was gone. I asked whether she was ill, and she answered, 'Yes, ill and wretched. Oh, sir, may Heaven support you under this dreadful trial."

Mr. Carlyle felt bewildered; perplexed. Not a syllable did he believe. He was not angry with Joyce, for he thought she had lost her reason.

"It is so, sir, incredible as you may deem my words," pursued Joyce, wringing her hands. "My lady has been miserably unhappy; and that has driven her to it."

"Joyce, are you in your senses or out of them?" demanded Mr. Carlyle, a certain stermess in his tone. "Your lady miserably unhappy; what do you mean?"

Before Joyce could answer, an addition was received to the company in the person of Miss Carlyle, who appeared in black stockings and a shawl, and the lofty night-cap. Hearing voices in Joyce's room, which was above her own, and full of curiosity, she ascended, not choosing to be shut out from the conference.

"Whatever's up?" oried she. "Is Lady leabel found?"

"She is not found, and she never will be found but in her winding-sheet," returned Joyce, whose lamontable and unusual state of axilement completely overpowered her customary quiet respect and plain good sense. "And, ma'sm, I am glad that you have come up for what I was above her and a shawl and have now and a shawl and plain good sense. "And, ma'sm, I am glad that you have come up for what I was above her and a shawl and a shawl

of a citement completely overpowered her customary quiet respect and plain good aense. "And, ma'am, I am glad that you have come up; for what I was about to say to my master I would prefer to say in your presence. When my lady is brought into this house, and laid before us dead, what will your feelings be? My master has done his duty by her in love; but you—you have made her life a misery. Yes, ma am, you have."

you have."

"Hoity-toity?" nttered Miss Carlyle, staring at Joyce in consternation. "What is all this? Where's my lady?"

"She has gone and taken the life that was not hers to take," sobbed Joyce, "and I say she has been driven to it. She has not been allowed to indulge a will of her own, poor thing, since she came to East Lynne; in her own house she has been less free than either of her servants. You have curbed her, ms'sm, and snapped at her, and made her feel that she was but a slave to your caprices and temper. All these years she has been crossed and put upon; everything, in short, but beaten—ma'am, you know she has—and she has borne it all in silence, like a patient angel, never, as I believe, complaining to mavier; he can say whether she has or not. We all loved her, we all felt for her; and my master's heart would have bled had he suspected what she had to put np with day after day, and year after year."

Miss Carlylo's tongue was glued to her mooth. Her brother, confounded at the rapid words, could scarcely gather in their sense.

"What is it that you are saying, Joyce?"

"What is it that you are saying, Joyce? he asked, in a low tone. "I do not under

he asked, in a low tone. "I do not understand."

'I have longed to say it to you many a hundred times, sir; but it is right that you should hear it, now things have come to this dreadful ending. Since the very night Lady Isabel came home here, your wife, she has been taunted with the cost she has brought to East Lynns and to you if she wanted but the simplest thing, she was forbidden to have it, and told that she was bringing her husband to poverty. For If she wanted but the support was forbidden to have it, and told that she was brinden to have it, and told that she was brinding her husband to preerly. For this very dinner-party that she went to to night, she wished for a new dress, and your cruel words, ma'am, forbade her having it. She ordered a new frock for Missing the following the form her pedestal. Never had she experienced a moment's calm, or peace, or happiness, since the fatai night of quitting the home. She had taken a blind leap in a moment of wild passion, when, instead of the garlen of roses it had been her persuader a pleasure to promise her she would

een eyes of his sister bent on him from Mr. Carlyle turned to his sister. "Can this bed. Her head was surmounted by a this be true?" he inquired, in a tone of

"What did you say, sir? Is my lady worse?"
"I ask if she has been here. I cannot them, at the same time, that you outraged and betrayed her, driving her to the very depth of desperation, ere she quitted them in her despear."

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Mr. Carlyle felt bewildered; perplexed. Not a syllable did he believe. He was not here and her in the faintest suspicion of the dreadful truth yet dawned upon her. He walked to the door, the open note in his hand, then turned, the note inside it, and returned it to his pocket, his hands trembling equally with his livid lips.

"You need not mention this," he said to Joyce, indicating the note. "It concerns myself alons."

"Sir, does it say she's dead?"

"She is not deed," he answered. "Worse than that," he added, in his livid lips.

"Sir, does it say she's dead?"

"She is not dead," be answered.

"Worse than that," he added, in his hear!

"Why—who is this?" uttered Joyce.—

It was little Isabel, stealing in with a frightened face, in her white nightgown. The commotion had aroused her.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Whe's mamma?"

"Child, you'll catch your death of cold," said Joyce. "Go back to bed."

"Hu I want mamma."

"In the morning, dear," evasively returned Joyce. "Sir, please, must not Miss Isabel go back to bed?"

Mr. Carlyle made no reply to the question; most likely he never heard its import. But he touched Isabel's shoulder to draw Joyce's attention to the child.

"Joyce—Miss Lucy, in future."

He left the room, and Joyce remained silent from amaxement. Sho heard him go out at the hall door and bang it after him. Isabel—nay, we must say "Lacy" also—went and stood outside the chamber door, the servants, gathered in a group near, did not observe her. Presently she came running back, and disturbed Joyce from her revery.

"Joyce, is it true?"

"Is what true, my dear?"

"In what has he taken her for? to kill her? I thought it was only kidnappers who took people."

"Child, child, go to bed."

"Oh, Joyce, I want mamma. When will she come back?"

Joyce hid her face in her hands to conceal its emotion from the motherless child. And just then Miss Carlyle entered on tiptoe, and humbly sat down on a low chair, her green face—green that night—in its grief, its remore, and its horror, looking nearly as dark as her slockings. She broke into a subdued wai!.

"Mr. Juvice Hare turned into his gate between twelve and one—turned in with a

house!"
Mr. Justice Hare turned into his gate Mr. Justice Hare turned into his gate between twelve and one—turned in with a jaunty air; for the justice was in spirits, he having won nine sixpences, and his friend's tap of ale having been unusually good. When he reached his bedroom, he told Mrs. Hare of a chaise and four which had gone tearing past at a furious pace as he was closing the gate, coming from the direction of East Lynne. He wondered where it could be going at that midnight hour, and whom it contained.

CHAPTER XXV.

BERULTS. Nearly a year went by.

Lady lasted Carlyle had spent it on the Continent—that refuge for such figurities—now removing about from place to place with her companion, now stationary and alone. Quite half the time—taking—instance with the other—he had been away from her, chiefly in Paris, pursuing his own course and his own pleasure.

lasbel and you countermanded it have told her that master worked like a dog to support her extravagances; when you know that she never was extravagant that none were less inclined to go beyond proper limits than she. I have seen her, ma'am, come away from your reproaches with the tears in her eyes, and her hands he with the tears in her eyes, and her hands her moving motivs, she had found herself plunged into a yawning abyses of horror, high born lady, as she was, could not fail to be driven to desperation; and I know that she has been.

Mr. Carlyle turned to his sister. "Can a this be true?" he inquired, in a tone of a this be true? I he inquired, in a tone of a this be true? I he inquired, in a tone of a this be true? I he inquired, in a tone of a this be true? I he inquired, in a tone of a this be true? I he inquired, in a tone of a this be true? I he inquired in the prospective, assumed a tonce its true frightful color, the blackness of dark ness; and a lively remores, a never dying the color of her soul for the soul fail into constable ingisters, at least a foot high.

Is anybody it?" she demanded.

She did not answer. Whether it was the shade east by the nighteap, or the reflection of the wax taper, her face looked of a green cast; and, for the first time probled. I cannot find her in the sitting of the cannot find the cannot find her in the sitting of the cannot find the cannot find her in the sitting of the cannot find her in the sitting of the cannot find her in the sitting of the cannot find the

the least likely to commit so great a single libelieved that, in her unhappiness, as the demon that would might have wandered out in the grounds, and was lingering there. By this time the house was aroused, and the servants were astir, Joyce—surely supernatural strength was given her, for though she had been able to put her foot to the ground, she had not yet walked upon it—crept down stairs, and went into Lady Isabel's dressing room. Mr. Carlyle was hastily assuming the articles of attire he had not yet put on, to go out and search the grounds, when Joyce limped to, holding out a note. Joyce did not stand on ceremony that night.

"I found this in the dressing glass drawer, sir. It is my lady a writing."

He took it in his hand and looked at the address—"Archibald Carlyle." Though a calm man, one who had his emotions ander his own control, he was no stote, and his fingers shook as he broke the seal.

"When years go on and my children my first darks to man, which it has would be a dark was a first that for festione, whether spent with that the man or without him, would be a dark was no withen him one without him, would be a dark was a first that for first days of her departure, in the first days of her departure, and her had the man of the deliberated by the day of her days of her departure, in the first days of her departure, and her delibe doment, when it may be supposed sho might momentarily forget conscience, it was sharply wounding her with its adder stings, and she knew that her whole fu-ture existence, whether spent with that man or without him, would be a dark course of guawing retribution. Nearly a year went by, save some six or

- 07.

Livingstone.

The body of Dr. Livingstone has arrived at Snez. The following account is given of Livingstone and carnations, with plenty of dwarf-nignonetic and the invaluable sweet alyseum, the deep green of the ivy and the grace of dainty vines—tomes and maurandys, passion flowers and ceimain. The first of flores are often seen from a bed of foliage plants alone near the bones, the subdued richness of their varied colors harmonizing delicately with the gray stone of the massion. Broad, low vases of markle or terracities are charming filled broad-full of glowing pansies, or a scarle mass of dwarf-geranium, with thunbergia and kendlewith ity trailing luminantly over the edge. Nothing could be noure brilliant for a sunny spot than a bed or basket of portulaceas. They are of the warms, trailing luminantly over the edge. Nothing could be noure brilliant for a sunny spot than a bed or basket of portulaceas. They are of the warmst, tricked will toward the party. The fourth laceas. They are of the warmst, tricked well toward the party. The fourth diaceas. They are of the warmst, tricked well toward the party. The fourth diaceas in the flore of the sun, they it warmste in his mid day becaus, rejoicing when all things else languish in the heat of the sun mer noon, and the lightest breath of air us enough to stir up a frole in the of air to enough to stir up a froic in the a tree thus merry company of innumerable blossoms. 4, 1873, and of air is enough to stir up a troub and merry company of innumerable blossoms. The shady places, where nothing else will flourish, should abound in forms, foreign or native. Only those who have grown them know what daily treasures of joy are to their exquisite beauty. For an effective, tropical tooking cluny on the lawn, there is the ctately Canna and the flaming swordity, the splendid Gladiotics, Calladium, giant leaved, and, towering over all, the mick growing literina. The summer lilies,

emong the Burnesse is a most peculiar in-ministration, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of cuch other a society, they dissolve partner ship in the following simple and touching Lui conclusive unanter: They reprecively light two candles, and shutting up their that sit down and wait until they are burned on. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house (and for wear) taking nothing but the clothes the our she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other market.

AND AND THE CONTROL OF THE CONTROL O

Jacob Wainwright cut an inscription on tree thus: "'Dr. Livingstone died May a tree thus :— Dr. Livingstone died May 4, 1813, and superscribed it with the name of the dead man, Nasa. The body was preserved in sait and dried in the sun for-twelve days. Chief Kitumbo, on being in-formed of Livingstone's death, had the druns best and glous fired as a token of respect, and allowed his followers to re-move the body, which they placed in a best cedies and commenced the temporar to tropical looking clump on the iswn, there is the stately Canna and the faming awordily, the splendid Gladiolus, Calladium, giant leaved, and, towering over all, the quick growing Rieman. The summer likes, gorgeous and fragrant, shouldhave a choice apoi to themselves, and, serenely apart, on the summy side of a group of arbornia, fair shoing from the green background, that shoing from the green background, that should have a choice apoi to themselves, and, serenely apart, on the summy side of a group of arbornia, fair shoing from the green background, that should be an about the fair shoing from the green background, that had occurred, addressed to Dr. Livingstone's son. The advance party was met by Mr. Cameron, who sent back also of cloth and powder. The body arrived together—the latter very ill, his sight Cameron, Morphy and Dillon also arrived together—the latter very ill, his sight come and mind affected. He afterwards come and mind affected there two weeks the continuity of the Annunciation.

There is a general reaction of taste to come and mind affected. He afterwards come and mind affected. He afterwards come and mind affected there two weeks the continuity of the Annunciation.

There is a general reaction of taste to come and mind affected. He afterwards come and mind affected there two weeks the continuity of the Annunciation.

There is a general reaction of taste to come and mind affected there two weeks the content of the correspondent of the correspondent

66 It is remarkable how mony English men in the front rank of intellect and fame have, in this generation, acknow-ledged their obligations to their wives for the best part of their intellectual life. John Stuart Mill, Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, Bir Samuel Baker, are names that recall in every case a full and affection-a's record of conjugal virtue and excellence. The perfect companionship of Quen Vic-toria with her bushand is well known.

Medical Journal," as follows:—"It is, to all intents, a foreign agent, which the body gets rid of as soon as it can. Alcohol is not a supporter of combustion. Part, probably the whole of it, escapes from the body; and none of it, so far as we know, is assimilated. It is, therefore, not a food in the eye of Science."

Dr. W. R. Carmenter, institutes an of the contraction o

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, justly says: "The experience of Arctic voyagers is most decided in regard to the low value of Alcohol, in comparison with fat, as a heat-produc-ing material. The operation of Aleshol is essentially that of a stimulus—being folweed by a corresponding depression of poor Where exhibitation is produced, there

Where exhibitation is product an account depression."

Baron Liebig says of the drinker—
Scients by their action on the nerves, enable him to make up deficient power of the content of his body. • • • He conthe expense of his body. He con-sumes his capital instead of his interest.
Wink is constantly followed by Wink is constantly followed by

"Wisk is constantly followed by the expenditure of power."

Professor Christison, M. D., in his "Treatise on Poisons," ranks Alcohol, along with nightshade, nux vomics, and lobaces, in the class of double poisons—"narcotics acrid; being both local arritants and producing an effect on the persons system."

Der Charles Wilson, in his admirable book, "The Pathology of Drunkenness" Edin, 1855, says — No circumstances of ordinary life can render even the moderate use of interioring fluids either beneficial or necessary, or

IS ALCOHOL A POISON ?

Massas Entross—The question, "Is Al-cohol a Poison?" never had any great inte-rest for me—for I never thought it decided the question whether alcoholic liquors were poisons, any more than the question oisons, any more than the que

se category with the more obviously poisonous effects of pronounced intorication.

Alcohol has thus a two-fold action. First,
it is capable, in proper dose, of being consumed and utilized as a force-producer; in
which case there is no visible disturbance
of normal function. Such action cannot
be distinguished either by the drinker or
the physiologist from that of a quickly digestible fluid food, and is no more an "excitement" or "stimulation," followed by
a "recoil" or "depression," than is the
action of a bowl of hot soup or of a glass
of milk. The second action is the poisonous infinence of an excess of alcohol circulating in the blood, which makes itself
sensible to the drinker by peculiar sensations and disturbances, and is not only followed by "depression," but is itself a
form of depression—but is, a disturbance
of balance; an unnatural perturbation of
the normal working of the functions.

Every reader of these lines will at once
ask, What then is the limit as to quantify
within which alcohol exerts only a foodaction, and beyond which it begins to poison by its excess? This question cannot
be answered categorically, for it so happens that the "poison line," as it has been
apily called, is a shifting one. Even in
health it varies according to age, sex, individual peculiarity and habit, and even in
the same person according to his physical
condition for the time being. When fatigued by bodily or mental work, when
suffering from emotional agitation, as an
niety or fear; when worn by loss of elecp,
of blood, or by pain, amounts of alcohol
which ordinarily would flush the face and
somewhat confuse the mind, will be borne

of blood, or by pain, amounts of alcohol which ordinarily would flush the face and somewhat confuse the mind, will be borne by the same person without producing the slightest symptom of intoxication; the whole effect of the drink being expended to be a control of the drink being expended to be a control of the drink being expended. in relieving the pre-existing malaise, and restoring the system to its normal condi-tion. And in more formal morbid states, tion. And in more formal morbid states, as in many diseases, the poison line often shifts to an astounding degree, so that what would in health produce even dangerous drankenness will be borne without causing the least intoxication; the whole of the alcohol being apparently utilized by the system for obtaining the life-saving energy which this fluid, from its swift absorbtion and reads to home ice leases in the on and ready chemical change in the

sorption and ready chemical change in the blood, can so quickly yield.

It can no ionger be truthfully said, therefore, that alcohol never "gives strength." For since in proper dose it can be used as one of those food substances whose province is to furnish force to run the living machine, the giving of strength under such circumstances happens to be exactly what it does do, as closely as words can express it. It is also plain that it is inaccurate to speak of alcohol in a weeping way as a "poison." For the poisonous effects belong only to an excess of the article swallowed above what can be utilized as a food; and the property of of the article avallowed above what can be utilized as a food; and the proper# of being injurious—that is, poisonous, in overdose—is a common one to most easily absorbable articles of diet, as tea, coffee, salt, sugar, 3.5., although of course the nature and degree of the deleterious effect differ widely with different things. Still further, some late researches make it more than probable that a certain amount of alcohol is regularly formed in the animal than probable that a certain amount or ar-cohol is regularly formed in the animal

girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front, were two large peacocks, wrought of lines of diamonds. There were rosettes of diamonds on her slippers. There were diamonds, large or small, but in every variety of form, all over her dress and person, wherever they could be artistically placed. She presented an extraordinary and dazzling spectacle, as she moved languidly through the dance, among her friends. One of the ladies present, a connoisseur in precious stones, who kept cool enough to take practical observations, says the diamonds she wore could not have cost less than a million dollars, and must have represented her husbands income for at least a unarter of a year. This same lady, presented her husband's income for at least a quarter of a year. This same lady, who is familiar with court life in Europe, says that the largest collection of diamonds in possession of any European suppress or queen belongs to the present Gorman empress, but she adds that even Augusta herself could not make a diamond show which would begin to compare with that made by Mrs. Astor.

A Penitent Dog.

If children were only as penitent and well-behaved as many a dumb animal, parents and friends would have an easier time. The following story seems incredible, but it has vonchers for its truth:

Hon. G. F. Richardson, of Lowell, owns a magnificent Newfoundland dog. Lust spring Mrs. Richardson took the children and dog to the photograph saloon to have

spring Mrs. Richardson took the children and dog to the photograph saloon to have the group taken, but the dog was in a wilful mood and would not pose, and was turned out. The next day the dog put in an appearance at the saloon and scratched at the door till he was admitted; he then proceeded directly to the spot assigned him the day before, and placed himself in the exact position that had been desired by the artist. The photograph was taken, and when completed put into a box and given to the dog, who carried it directly to his master; but it being April 1st, the master was at first suspicious, but at length yielded to the dog's pertinacity and opened the box.

Goiden Silence.

"A pain forgotten is a pain cured," is a proverb I have never heard, but I think it would be a good one. I know more than one person who cherishes aliments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of concohol is regularly formed in the animal economy, since a substance answering all the tests of alcahol has been detected in small quantity as a regular ingredient of the blood and certain secretions, both in animals and in men who had taken no alcoholic drink for years. To speak therefore of alcohol unqualifiedly as a poison, is incorrect and improper from every point of view.

Such, according to the present state of chemical and physiological science, are the main facts concerning the action of alcoholic analysis of the present state of chemical and physiological science, are the main facts concerning the action of alcoholic analysis of the present state of chemical and physiological science, are the makes a never-failing topic of conversation, which is never agreeable, and ceases to be interesting to others after a cease to be interesting to others after a sense to be interesting to others after a cease to be interesting to others after the cease to be interesting to others after a cease to be interesting to others after a cease to be interesting to others after

WIT AND HUMOR.

A JUST CRITICISM IN RHYME. EITHER-NEITHER.

Have you seen a dictionary,
of this new vocabulary,
the pronounces either i-ther,
Which pronounces either i-ther,
And pronounces helther ny-ther?
We may call it affectation,
shouldy-show pronunciation;
It upsets the ef-diphthone,
As pronounced by scholars long,
Making e and I change places,
With the case of Greetian graces,
Only let them change their station.
In the place in all relations—
Change their places in believers,
Change them also in decrevers—
Change roncelled to concyted,
For the rule which gives us 1-ther,
Changing neither into ny-ther,
Changing neither into ny-ther, Changing neither Makes believers at

AN INVITED NOSE

At one of the demi French reunions, not long since, a little scene occurred which amused the few who witnessed it. About ten o'clock a monsieur entered, very correct in his 'getting up," unexceptionable in his demeanor, of fine figure—altogether an accomplished gentleman, but a gentleman gifted with a very considerable nasal organ. The old proverb says, "A large nose never spoiled a handsome tace," and the stranger justified the proverb.

Advancing to the mistress of the house, he made the formal reverence which ceremony requires on a first visit, then, taking a more familiar tone, he said, "It has been very happy to accept your invitation, madam; an honor of which it is quite unworthy."

neworthy.

unworthy."
This was said in a low voice, but so distinctly articulated that it could be understood by those who stood near.
The lady, who, though a very distingue person, is somewhat timid, because still young, was somewhat embarrassed at this address, and, thinking she had misunderstood him, replied—
"Excuse me, sir; you were saying—"
"I said, madam, that it was very grateful for the invitation to your soires."

"I said, madam, that it was very grateful for the invitation to your soirce."

The bystanders exchanged looks and began to whisper; the lady became more and
more out of countenance.

"I do not understand you," she said, at
length; "of what are you speaking?"

The gentleman did not speak again, but
pointed, in reply, to the prominent feature
in his face.

"What! do you know? Oh, how imprudent!" exclaimed the lady; and blushing
from her chin to her eyes, she concealed in
her handkerchief a face half-laughing and
half-embarrassed. half-embarrassed.

alf-embarrassed.

The explanation of this little mystery
on came out. The hostess had met this soon came out. The hostess had met this gentleman the evening before at the honse of her sister, where he made himself very agreeable, as was his castom. On her return, recollecting her own soirce of the next day, she wrote hastily the following concise note to her sister:—

"I have taken a liking to the big nose. Give it an invitation for me.

Her madcap relative amused herself by sending the invitation as it was, and the gentleman responded to the joke in a manner which brought the laughter on his

THE BITER BITTEN.

THE BITER BITEN.

A man in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Borlin with a packet in his hand, sealed with five seals, and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained one hundred thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise. "Why! this letter is for me: I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize, but, on breaking the seals, found nothing but a few sheets of blank paper, on which was written "Done."

A correspondent of a neighboring jour-nal tells of a country clerk in a rural town who had a pet calf which he was training up in the ways of the ox. The calf walked around very peacefully under one end of the yoke while Mr. Clerk held up the other end, but in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke, to let the calf see how it would work with a merina. would work with a partner. This fright-ened the calf, and elevating his tail, he struck a dead run for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along with his head down and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice, "Here, here: Confound it: Somebody head us off:"

THE PRUDENT LAMB.

"The millenium has come," said a lion to a lamb; "enppose you come out of the fold and let us lie down together, as it has been foretold we should." "Been to dinner to-day?" inquired the lamb. "Not a bite of anything since breakfast," was the reply, "except a few lean swine, a saddle or two, and some old harness." the reply, "except a few lean swine dls or two, and some old harness distracts a millenium," continued the lamb, thoughtfully, "which consists solely in our lying down together. My notion of that happy time is, that it is a period in which pork and leather are not articles of dist, but in which every respectable hou shall have as much mutton as he can consume. However, you may go over to yonder sunny hill and lie down until I come."

THE WORST OF IT.

A few years since there pervaded Chicago a speculator in grain, the boldness and magnitude of whose operations were worthy even of that city. This gentleman, Mr. Richard H., had gone into one cornering operation in wheat, by which he becare slightly "hurt." In alluding to it a few weeks ago he remarked, "with characteristic blandness and frankness," I lost in that speculation one million five characteristic blandness and frankness,"
'I lost in that speculation one million five hundred thousand dollars, and the worst of was that fifteen hundred dollars of

Cold Sour.—At a recent reception given by the Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina, among the delicacies of the season, some iee-cream, in a rather liquid condition, was passed around; upon tasting which one of the newly-elected State Senators, to whom iee-cream was as great a rarity as his political office was a novelty, arclaimed, "Golly, chile, disam de coldest soup I ever ate!"

Constant

(PO)

A SPRING MORNING.

EAST LYNNE:

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXIV, - (CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Carlyle came to the front door, opened it, and admitted Captain Thorn. He brought him into the lerks' office, which was bright with gas, keeping him in conversation for a few minutes standing, and then asking him to be seated; all in full view of the little window.

"I must beg your pardon for being late," Captain Thorn observed. "I am half an hour beyond the time you mentioned, but the Herberts had two or three friends at dinner, and I could not get away. I hope, Mr. Carlyle, you have not come to your office to-night purposely for me."

"Basiness must be attended to," somewhat evasively answered Mr. Carlyle; "I have been out myself nearly all day. We received a communication from London this morning, relative to your affair, and I am sorry to say it is anything but satisfactory. They will not wait."

"But I am not liable, Mr. Carlyle. Not liable in justice."

liable in justice."
"No-if what you tell me be correct."

"No—if what you tell me be correct. But justice and law are sometimes in opposition, Captain Thorn."

Captain Thorn sat in perplexity. "They will not get me arrested here, will they?"

They would have done it, beyond doubt; but I have caused a letter to be written and dispatched to them, which must bring forth an answer before any violent proceedings are taken. That answer will be here the morning after tomorrow."

And what am I to do, then?" "And what am I to do, then?"
"I think it probable there may be a way
then of checkmating them. But I am not
sure, Captain Thorn, that I can give my
attention forther to this affar."

"I hope and trust you will," was the

"You have not forgotten that I told you "Yon have not forgotten that I told you at first, I could not promise to do so," rejoined Mr. Carlyle. "You shall bear from me to morrow. If I carry it on for you, I will then appoint an hour for you to be here the following day; if not—why, I dare say you will find a solicitor as capable of assisting you as I am."

"But why will you not? What is the reason?"

reason?"
"I cannot always give reasons for what
I do." was the response. "You shall hear

"I cannot always give reasons for wasI do," was the response. "You shall hear
from me to morrow."

He rose as he spoke; Captain Thorn also
rose. Mr. Carlyle detained him yet a few
moments, and then saw him out at the
front door and fastoned it.
He returned and released Richard. The
latter took off his hat as he advanced into

the blaze of light.
"Well, Richard, is it the same man?"

the blaze of light.

"Well, Richard, is it the same man?"

"No, sir. Nor in the least like him."

Mr. Carlyle, though little given to emotion, felt a strange relief—relief for Captain Thorn's sake. He had rarely seen one whom he could so little associate with the notion of a murderer as Captain Thorn, and he was a man who exceedingly won mpon the regard. He would heartily help him out of his dilemma now.

"Excepting that they are both tall, with nearly the same color of hair, there is no resemblance whatever between them," proceeded Richard. "Their faces, their figures are as opposite as light is from dark. That other, in spite of his handsome features, had the expression at times of a demon; but this one's expression is the best part of his face. Hallijohn's murderer had a curious look here, sir."

"Where?" exercized Mr. Clarke for

his face. Hallijohn's murderer had a cu-rious look here, sir."
"Where?" questioned Mr. Carlyle, for Richard had only pointed to his face gene-

Richard had only pointed to his lake generally.

"Well—I cannot say precisely where it lay, whether in the eyebrows or the eyes; I could not tell when I used to have him before me; but it was in one of them. Ah, Mr. Carlyle, I thought, when Barbara told me Thorn was here, it was too good news to be true; depend on't he won't venture to West Lynne again. This man is no to West Lynne again. This man is so more like that other villain than you are

will you walk alone? I mean there in safety."

Richard thought be would prefor to walk alone; everybody they met might be speaking to Mr. Carlyle. The latter inquired why he chose moonlight nights to be visits.

"It is pleasanter for night travelling.
And, had I chosen dark nights, Barbara
could not have seen my signal from the
trees," was the answer of Richard.

trees," was the answer of Richard.
They went out and proceeded unmolested to the house of Justice Hare. It was past nine then. "I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Carlyle," whispered Richard, as they walked up the path.
"I wish I could bely you more effectually, Richard, and clear up the mystery. Is Barbara on the watch? Yes; there's the doer along wenter."

e door slowly opening." Richard stole across the hall and into the parlor to his mother. Barbara approached and softly whispered Mr. Carlylo, standing just outside the portico; her voice trem-bled with the suspense of what the answer might be

Description.

might be.

"Is it the same man? The same Thorn?"

"No. Richard says this man bears no resemblance to the real one."

"Oh!" intered Barbara, in her surprise and disappointment. "Not the same! And for the best part of poor Richard's evening to have been taken up for nothing." thing."
"Not quite nothing," said Mr. Carlyle.
"The question is now set at rest."

"Set at result" repeated Barbars. "It is left in more morestative than ever."

Thorn. And whilst our sumptions were contentioned upon him, we thought of the content of the

a disguise."

He was taking off the "ugly thing" as she spoke, and began to twirl it round his hand. "Disguise? Oh, no, I have no creditors in the immediate neighborhood of East Lypne."

"Hichard, do you think you could have been taking of Thorn, and your thoughts were, naturally, bearing upon him. Imaginotic—"

"Be still, Barbara!" he interrupted, in

stallfully following her—his eyes cast in her, it another's was withdrawn. She was most assuredly out of her senses that night, or she never would have listened.

A jealous woman is mad; an outraged to woman is doubly mad; and the ill-fated Lady Isabel truly believed that every sacred feeling which ought to exist between man and wife was betrayed by Mr. Carlyle.

"Be avenged on that false hound, Isabel.

He was never worthy of you. Leave your life of misery, and come to happiness."

In her bitter distress and wrath, she broke into a storm of sobs. Were they cansed by passion against her husband, or by these bold and shameless words? Alas: alas: Francis Levison applied himself to soothe her with all the sweet and danger out sophistry of his crafty nature.

The minutes flew ou. A quarter to ton; ten; a quarter past ten; and still Mr. Carlyle and Barbara paced patiently the garden path. At half-past ten Richard came forth, after having taken his last farewell. Then came Barbara's tearful farewell, which Mr. Carlyle witnessed; then a hard grasp of that gentleman's hand, and Richard plunged amidst the trees, to depart the way he came.

"Good-night, Barbara, "said Mr. Carlyle.
"Will you not come in and say goodnight to mamma?"
"Not now; it is late. Tell her how glad I am things have gone-off so well."

He set off at a strapping pace toward his home, and Barbara leaned on the gate to indulge in tears. Not a soul passed to in-

more like that other villain than you are like that other villain than you are more like that."

"Then—as that is set at rest—we had better be going, Richard. You have to see your mother, and she must be waiting in anxiety. How much money do you want?"

"Twenty-dwe pounds would do, but—Richard stopped in hesitation.

"Bichard stopped in hesitation.

"Bichard stopped in hesitation.

"Birty would be more welcome. Thirty would be more welcome. Thirty would put me at ease."

"You shall take thirty," said Mr. Carlyle would have her to his side, to whisper that his love was left to her, if another's was withdrawa. She was was that hour of the night—should she consequences might be, did Justices him, if we try."

Forgetting the strange appearance it would have—her thying along the public road at that hour of the night—should she meet any who knew her—forgetting what the consequences might be, did Justices him, if we try."

Forgetting the strange appearance it would have—her thying along the public road at that hour of the night—should she meet any who knew her—forgetting what the consequences might be, did Justices him, if we try."

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Forgetting the strange appearance it would have—her thying along the public road at that hour of the night—should she consequences might be consequences might be co

bed.

"My lady! Are you ill?"

"Ill? Yos; ill and wretched," answered Lady Isabel; and ill she did look, for she was perfectly white. "Joyce, I want a promise from you. If anything should happen to me, stay at East Lynne with my children."

children."
Joyee stared in amazement, too aston-ished to make any reply.

"Joyee, you promised it once before;
promise it again. Whatever betide you,
you will stay with my children when I am

It is three o'clock. She has not been bed. I cannot find her in the sitting-ms; neither is she in the children's

"Then I'll tell you what it is, Archi-baid: she's gone worrying after Joyce Perhaps the girl may be in pain to night." Mr. Carlyle was in full retreat toward Joyce's room, at this suggestion, when his sister called to him.
"If anything is amiss with Joyce, you come and tell me, Archibald, for I shall get

"Why, yes," said Joyce, now fully sroused. "She came here and woke me. That was just before twelve, for I heard the clock strike. She did not stay here a

the circumstance in initial with the control of the control of the circumstance in the

"What did abe want? what did she come here for?"

Thoughts are quick; imagination is still quicker; and Joyce was giving the reins to both. Her mistress's gloony and ambiguous words were crowding on her brain. Three o'clock! and she had not been in bed, and was not to be found in the house? A nameless borror struggled to Joyce's face, her eyes were dilating with it; she seized and threw on a large fannel gown which lay on a chair by the bed, and forgetful of her master who stood there, out she sprang to the floor. All minor considerations faded to insignificance beside the terrible dread which had taken possession of her. Clasping the flannel gown tight round her with one hand, she laid the other on the arm of Mr. Cariyle.

"Oh, master! oh, master! she has destroyed herself! I see it all now."

"Joyce," sternly interrupted Mr. Carlyle.

"She has destroyed herself, as true as

lyle
"She has destroyed herself, as true as "She has destroyed herself, as true as that we two are living here," persisted Joyce, her own face livid win emotion. "I can understand her words now: I could not before. She came here—and her face was like a corpse as the light fell upon it—saying she had come to get a promise from me to stay with her children when she was gone. I asked whether she was ill, and she answered, 'Yes, ill and wretched. 'Oh, sir, may Heaven support you nuder this drast, may Heaven support you nuder this drast.

gone. I asked whether she was til, and she answered, 'Yes, ill and wretched. 'Oh, sir, may Heaven support you under this dreadful trial.'

Mr. Carlyle feit bewildered; perplexed. Not a syllable did he believe. He was not angry with Joyce, for he thought she had lost her reason.

"It is so, sir, incredible as you may deem my words,' pursued Joyce, wringing her hands. "My lady has been misserably unhappy; and that has driven her to it."

"Joyce, are you in your senses or out of them?" demanded Mr. Carlyle, a certain sternness in his tone. "Your lady miserably unhappy! what do you mean?"

Before Joyce could answer, an addition was received to the company in the person of Miss Carlyle, who appeared in black stockings and a shawl, and the lofty night-cap. Hearing votees in Joyce's room, which was above her own, and full of curiosity, she ascended, not choosing to be shut out from the conference.

"Whatever's up?" cried she. "Is Lady Isabel found?"

"She is not found, and she never will be

Inabel found? abel found ?

* She is not found, and she never will be

Isabel found?"

"She is not found, and she never will be found but in her winding-sheet," returned Joyce, whose lamentable and unusual state of excitement completely overpowered her customary quiet respect and plain good sense. "And, ma am, I am glad that you have come up; for what I was about to say to my master I would prefer to say in your presence. When my lady is brought into this house, and laid before us dead, what will your feelings be? My master has done his duty by her in love; but you—you have made her life a misery. Yes, ma am, you have."

"Hoity-toity!" uttered Miss Carlyle, staring at Joyce in consternation. "What is all this? Where's my lady?"

"She has gone and taken the life that was not here to take," sobbod Joyce, "and I say she has been driven to it. Whe has not been allowed to indulge a will of her own, poor thing, since she came to East Lynne; in her own house she has been less free than either of her servants. You have

Lynne; in her own house she has been less free than either of her servants. You have carbed her, ma'am, and snapped at her, and made her feel that she was but a slave to your caprices and temper. All these years she has been crossed and put upon; everything, in abort, but beaten—ma'am, you know she has—and she has borne it all in silence, like a patient angel, never, as I believe, complaining to master; he can say whether she has or not. We all loved her, we all felt for her; and my master's heart would have bled had he suspected what she had to put up with day after day, and year after year."

she spoke, and began to twirf it round as the many of the spoke of the

"What did you say, sir? Is my lady goaded her to it. If they inquire what she "That was you say, sir? Is my sary gooded nor to it. It may implicit works ?"
"I sak if she has been here. I cannot them also, if you so will; but tell them, at the same time, that you outraged and betrayed her, driving her to the very depth of desperation, ere she quitted them in her despear."

depth of desperation, ere she quitted them in her despair.

The handwriting, his wife's, swam before the eyes of Mr. Carlyle. All, save the disgraceful fact that she had flown—and a horrhile suspicion began to dawn upon him with whom—was totally incomprehensible. How had he outraged her? in what manner had be goaded her to it? The discomforts alluded to by Joyse, and the work of his sister, had evidently on part in this; yet, what had he done? He read the letter again, more slowly. No, he could not comprehend it; he had not the clue.

At that moment the volcas of the servants in the corridor outside penetrated his ears. Of course they were peering about, and making their own comments. Wilson, with her long tongue, the busiest. Toey were saying that Captain Levison was not in his room; that his bed had not been slept in.

Joyce sat on the edge of a chair—she could not stand—watching her master with a blanched face. Never had she seen him betray agitation so powerful. Not the faintest suspicion of the dreadful truth yet dawned upon her. He walked to the door, the open note in his hand, then turned, wavered, and stood still, as if he did not know what he was doing. Probably he did not. Then he took out his pocket-book, put the note inside it, and returned it to his pocket, his hands trembling equally with his livid lips.

"You need not mention this," he said to Joyes, indicating the note. "It concerns myself alone."

"Sir, does it say she's dead?"

"She is not dead," be answered.

"Worse than that," he added, in his heart.

"She is not dead," be answered.
"Worse than that," he added, in his heart
"Why—who is this?" uttered Joyce.
It was little laabel, stealing in with a frightened face, in her white nightgown.
The commotion had aroused her.
"What is the matter?" she asked.
"Where's mamma?"
"Child, you'll catch your death of cold," said Joyce. "Go back to bed."
"But I want mamma."
"In the morning dear," evasively returned Joyce. "Sir, please, must not Miss laabel go back to bed?"
Mr. Carlyle made no reply to the question; most likely he never heard its import. But he touched Isabel's shoulder to draw Joyce's attention to the child.
"Joyce—Miss Lucy, in future."
He left the room, and Joyce remained silent from smaxtment. She heard him go out at the hall door and bang it after him. Isabel—nay, we must say "Lucy" also—went and slood outside the chamber door; the servants, gathered in a group near, did not observe her. Presently she came running back, and disturbed Joyce from her revery.

"Joy se, is it true?"
"Is what true, my dear?"
"They are saying that Captain Levison has taken away my mamma.

Joyce fell back in her chair with a scream. It changed to a long, low moan of anguish." What has he taken her for? to kill."

of anguish.

"What has he taken her for? to kill
her? I thought it was only kidnappers who

"What has he taken her for? to kill her? I thought it was only kidnappers who took people."

"Child, child, go to bed."

"Oh, Joyce, I want mamma. When will she come back?"

Joyce hid her face in her hands to conceal its emotion from the motherless. Joyce hid her face in her hands to con-ceal its emotion from the motherless child. And just then Miss Carlyle entered on tiptoe, and humbly sat down on a low chair, her green face—green that night— in its grief, its remorse, and its horror, looking nearly as dark as her stockings. She broke into a subdued wall. "God be merciful to this dishonored house!"

"You!" ejaculated Miss Corny, "what heavy to bear. A gentle-spirited there was nevermore any to be driven to desperation, and I know instant—the very night of her department. in the name of fortune do you want? You can come in."

You can come in."

Mr. Carlyle opened the door, and met the keen eyes of his aster bent on him from the bed. Her head was surmounted by a remarkable nighteep, at least a foot high.

"Is anybody th?" she domanded.

"I think leabel must be, I cannot find her."

"Not find her?" echoed Miss Corny.

"Why, what's the time? Is she not in bed?"

Is she not in bed?

Is she not in the high born lady, as she was, could not fail to be driven to desperation, and I know that she has been."

Mr. Carlyle turned to his sister. "Can the prospective, as when a spect had been shouned in the prospective, assumed at once its true frightful color, the blackness of carkness, and a lively remorse, a never dying anguist, took possession of her soul forther.

"Not find her?" echoed Miss Corny.

"Why, what's the time? Is she not in bed?"

Why, what's the time? Is she not in bed?

"I she did not answer. Whether it was the blackness of carkness, and a lively remorse, never more, nevermore, nevermore, nevermore, nevermore, nevermore, nevermore, never more, nevermore, nevermore, nevermore, never more, neve ably in Mise Carlyle's life, her words failed her.

"May God forgive you, Cornelia" he muttered, as he went out of the chamber. He descended so his own. That his wife had laid violent hands upon herself, his reason utterly repediated; she was one of the least likely to commit so great a sin. If a believed that, in her unhappiness, she might have wandered out in the grounds, and was lingering there. By this time the house was aroused, and the servants were sait. Joyce—surely a supernatural strength around in the property of the satured that the afternative, if you do not his, will be found were than death.

Joyce's room, at this suggestion, when his sister called to him.

"If anything is amiss with Joyce, you come and tell me, Archibald, for I shall get up and see after her. The girl was my servant before she was your wife's."

In reached Joyce's room, and softly made the door, fully expecting to find a light there, and his wife sitting by the bed side. There was no light, however, saw that he saw no signs of his wife. Where was no signs of his wife. Where was she? Was it probable that Joyce could tell him? He stepped inside the room and called to her.

Joyce started up in a fright, which changed to astonishment when she recognized her master. He inquired whether Lady lasbel had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few moments Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer. She had been there, and for a few homents Joyce did not answer the held.

I when years go on, and the the room and the first detach the dream from the vicinity of the first detach the dream from the vicinity of the first detach the dream from the vicinity of the first detach the d

OF THE

eight week, when, one morning in July
Licht parted much her appearance in the
Licht pa

torce, and the amount concent that it was granted was now daily expected. She was at now for it—as now daily expected. She was at now for it—as now daily expected by was at now for it—as now daily expected by was now daily expected by an in the norm of the power to force the birth of her unbepty child. Lattle thought she that there was not the heart intention on his part to make for reparation, any indirection before her hands in supplication. "France, here you say consideration is feet that the non-for whom she had chosen to secretice here if was bad, but she had not learned all his fadiciance yet.

to sacrifice here if was bad, but she had not learned all his badness yet. Captain Levison, unwashed, unshaven, with a drawning-gown borely flong on, tounged in to breakfast. The decked-out that during before the world are frequently the greatest slovers in domestic privacy. He wished ber good norbing in a cardens tone of spathy, and she as a pathetically an awared to it.

"Paute sata there are come letters," be:

"I cannot wait," he replied, his tone changing to one of determination. "It is unables to traye it."

"Ay, they do say so with a time eye to the feathering of their pockets." Go to England I must; it is absolutely see acid B socias, I stoud hot choose for the cid

"I carnot wait," he replied, his tone carried to it.

"Parts says there are rome letters," he began. "What a perconn hot day it is! "Two," was her short right, her tone sullen as his. For if you think, my good reader, that the flettering words, the arrent expressions, which usually stited the right go off of these promoting unites, has not a whole ten notities, has not been successed, have geterably supervised hug before. Try it, if you don't believe."

Two letters, "she continued," and they are both in the same handwrining—your so his oris, I believe."

Ly went his brad at the last word, and he made a cert of grab at the letters, triplied, this tone of wife continued, "and they are both in the same handwrining—your so his triply words, the very opposite to home a finite of the farthest window, opened one, and if we had, and looked cold, and white, and the mode a cert of grab at the letters, triplied, this tense of the farthest window, opened one, triply that she had set in the word of trouble had from, fall of windows, and doors, and draw, he made to round the fact.

"Ye are, sir, faithfully yours.

"We are, sir, faithfully yours.

"Me as a Gran.

"As a d Gran.

"Ye I arrea wait, "he replied, he red to work of the head in ward one of the fact.

"We are, sir, faithfully yours.

"Me as a Gran.

"I carnot wait," he replied, his tone the first the house, fait to head to tray it is united to tray it is unstable to present the house, and left the house, "Be broad over it as the work of the first man dother united he had a not tray to be set in the first man defer the house, and left the house, and left the house, and the tray is the purpose to do so this day, and bring the high the she had earn of the strine, and incords a certain of the circular and the left the none; the purpose to do so this day, a

"You can look, and see."
"Lacy leabel took up the lefter and read it. Sir Francis as thowed down his of fee, and rang the table hand-bill—the cony bally on generally meet within France Parte abovered it.

"Put me up a change of things," said be to France. "I start for England in an hour." I start for England in an hour. "I start for England in an hour was year, well," Pierre responded; and departed to do it. Lady leaber writed till the men was gone, and then speaks, a farst flock of emotion appearing in her chasels. view- though the frequences on suges in her

bim 'It must be.
'With all my heart,' returned Sir Frau
cis. 'It is you who have throsh out the

no funcial to take place without me."

Than I must alterniary you," she challenge, must.

"Ween you left in July you gave me a scored promise to come back to time for

"Well, lasted, you must be aware that it is an a sful sacrifice for a man in my poition to marry a diversed woman.

The hectic flushed into her thin checks. The hectic flushed into her thin checks, but her voice a unded calm as before.

"When I expected, or wished, for the "sacrifice, it was not for my own sake; I teld you so then. But it was made; and the child's inheritance is that of sin and shame. There he lies."

For Francis half turned to where she could and saw an infant, cradia by the

Bir Francis half turned to where she pointed, and saw an infant's cradio by the noice of the bed. He did not take the trouble to look at it.

"I am the representative now of an ancient and respected baronetcy," he resumed, in a tone as of spology for his previous heartless words, "and to make you my wifu would so offend all my family, that—""Stay," interrupted Lady Isabel, "you need not trout be yourself to find reedless excuses. Had you taken this journey for the purpose of making me your wife were

May I red the letter? Is it for me to

Tor what class should I have thrown it

I be said.

The what class should I have thrown it

I be said.

The what class should I have thrown it

I be said.

The what class should I have thrown it

I be said.

The what class should I have thrown it

I be said.

The what class should I have thrown it

I be said.

The what class should I have thrown it

I be said.

The what class should I have thrown it

I was his way when the illieuper was upon him; and the calmer he spoke the more cutting were his words. He have the said in the calmer he spoke the more cutting were his words. He have the said in th ed not have told her this.
"What was the secret?" she inquired in

Why did I come? "repeated he." Are the days ago you put a letter, open, on the lattle. I thought for not, but when I took it up rounsers at me. Do you re not be rit. Captum Levron!"

"You may drop that doos title, Lesbel, which has sinck to me too long. I own a butter row."

"With disk a fellow gets for travel in a low tone.

"Nay, I can't ruplain all; they did not take no into their on fidence. They did not even take no into their on fidence. They did not even take no into their on fidence. They did not even take you, better, perhaps that they had though, as things have formed out, or sectually every a dashing the life round. There some there was the continued to do throughout the latter was the event to be turning. There some out, of sects to be turning. There some disreputable secret attaching to the Hare family, and Carlyle was setting in it, under the rose, for Mrs. Hare. She could not seek out Catlyle herself, so she sent the young lady. These all i know." young taily. That's all I know."

"How and you know it?

"I had reason to trink so."

"What reason? I must request you to

tell me."
I overheard scraps of their conversa-

tion new and then in those meetings, and so gethered my come usions.

"You took a different tale to me, Bir Francis," was bet remark, as she lifted buf

bis by inheritance— Francis Livinon,

e-bow old is be now?"

"Now & Grass."
"Sin Fassins Lavison Bart.
The outside of this litter was superscribed as the other, 'F L vision Experience. Another moment, and it was for years, to doubt with view to its more carband, which is the pige was the general delivery. As lest, thank the pige was the general little of the real position of picking the form of the beginning t them. Then be paid a visit to the land-lord, and handed him, likewise, a year's rent in advance, making the same remark. After that he ordered dinner at a hotel and the same night be and Pierre departed on their journey home again, Sir Francis thanking his locky star that he had so easily got rid of a v. rations annovance. And Lady Isabel? She passed her even-ing alone, sitting in the same place, close to the fire and the sparks. The sitendant remonstrated that unladd was remaining up

remonstrated that miledi was remaining up too late for her strength; but miladi dered her and her remonstrance into an adjoining room.

When Lady Isabel lay down to rest, she

When Lady Isabel lay down to rest, she saik into somewhat calmer sleep than she had known of late; also into a dream. She thought she was back at East Lynne—but back, in one sense, but that she seemed never to have gone away from it—walking in the flower-garden with Mr. Carlyle, while the three children played on the laws. Her arm was within her husband's, and he was relating aspecting to the and he was relating something to her What the news was, she could not remem with to deal with you quite intreservedly, who do not mean what you say? You will not leave me yet?

"You do not remean what you say? You will not leave me yet?

"Heat not do othersise," be answered.
"There's a mountain of business to be at tended to, now that I am come into power.
"Mose A Girs-be ay they will not for you mean and sot. Lei there be plain truth taites an us at this interview, if there would not have ease excessity for your going.
They would not have a necessary for your going.
"Ay, they do say so—with a rice eye to the feathering of their pookets." to be the understand you."
"Naded truth, unginesed over, "she pursued, they would not have direct that."
"I make the setting the region of the cradic direction of the cradic direc iteved she was indeed in her happy hor at East Lynne, a prond mother, an honor wife. As recollection flashed series b the Late sect the world is be now? wife. As recollection flashed across the was born on the last day of Angust with its pis-cing stings, she gave veoluse a Bit Francis three up his arms and shape or of a spany, of the availing deep for stretched himself, as if a fit of idic ness had (To be continued to our world. Commenced in A

The BROKEN BRIDGE

The short of the control of the

squarter of a nule from the little ian that formed the extremity of the town, at a spect where its channel was marrowed to a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The unfulshed bridge was constructed of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, from which rose lugge piers of time bor to the height of about forty feet. Alorg these were massive balks, destined to support the platform of the bridge whick each pier was strengthened and supported its neighbor, by an arrangement of cross-beams and ties.

When I reached the bank of the river with my guide, Evan Rowlands, I found that there was a considerable bistus between the shore and the nearest pier—about a bundred yards. Evan, however, was prepared with a plan for reaching it. A friend of his was the master of the little sloop, the Ann Jones, which was lying in the tipy creek above. He and his mate were tow on board her, and they had got their little dirgy with them. Evan would borrow the boat, and drop down with the stream, and deposit me at the foot of the strea

It was almost dark now, for although the

or car in Aberman except the horses and for? What do you take me for? If you have put me biter mortification. "If you have put me he youd the pale of the world, I am still Lord Mon't Severn's daughter?"

"You did as much toward putting your self twyond its pale, as—"

"Don't know it? Have I not said so?" and shriply interrupted. And then she sat, striving to calm herself, clasping together her shaking hands.

"Well, if you will persist in this perverse resolution, I cannot mend it," reasuned Sir Francis. "In a little time, you may probably wish to recall it; in which case, a line, addressed to me, at my backer's, will—"

Loty I sabed drew herself up. "Pot away these notes, if you please," she ting it said. I want be idea of this ten miles walk through the mist and gathering there have have herself up. "Pot away these notes, if you please," she internetice.

He took out his pocket book, and placed the back notes within it.

"Youred these those you left here when goodness to order Fierre to take away this consens." The per fore here cane another gast of that fiere wind.

"Not possible," said Evan; "it is more than the miles."

"Not possible," said Evan; "our retroopy from the way? I said, I would walk.

"Not possible, "said Evan; "our retroopy is walked five and twenty miles already."

"Can't I get a boat part of the way?" I singested.

Evan put his head out at the door. "No." he cried: "the tide has just turned; it is not there was nothing to mend there was nothing to mend to open under my feet—a horrible chamber. The head of this ten miles walk through the mist and gathering for it but walking."

"Then there is nothing for it but walking."

"I had it didn't like the idea of this ten miles walk through the mist and gathering walk through the mist and gathering walking."

"Sop!" sai We are, it, full-fully course.

"He say over, then, and all claim to the rame of Carlyle was do clared to lave been followed up the letter, and the creation of the law over, then, and all claim to the rame of Carlyle was do clared to lave been followed up the letter, and the creation of the law over, then and all claim to the rame of Carlyle was do clared to lave been followed up the letter, and the creation of the law of the rame of the law of the rame of the law of the rame of the law of the world, I am will lord hours been distingt on the potential to do so, sho may be there are the law of the l

"Four or five miles; yes, sure,"
"And the bridge is quite safe?"

"On, it is very strong and safe indeed; or how should Hugh Pugh and Davii Morris come over, and the railway gentlemen, too; yes, sure."

"And the railway people won't object to my thoughts? A helpless sense of cruelty, of the hamble unfeelingness and malignity of this burling wind, of those raging waters. A sad mortification, too, said sense "They we all knocked off work for the day, and there won't be a soul near the bridge but vourself."

They not correctly but I found that there were certain difficulties in the way. The railway bridge control the estimay at a point about a quarter of a nude from the little inn that formed the extremity of the town, at a spot where its chantle was narrowed to a distance of about three quarters of a nucle.

Then came the storm once more with a

Com

slowly once more upward. The tide had turned.

In a very short time the expanse of waters before me, that had just now seemed a broad river outlet, scored and marked with sand-banks, assumed the appearance of an agitated sea. Short waves hurried along, their white creets gleaming in the moonlight; they came in serried lines, tier over tier; the boarse roar of the advancing tide reverberated in the air, mingling in my brain with the strange rattle as of bells that never coased to jangle therein.

How remorasless they seemed those waves hurrying up, like hounds who view their prey! And yet it was a solemn seene; and what there was of dignity and grandeur in the sight, half reconciled me to the thought that my life would be swallowed up ere long in these advancing battalions of serried waves; for now the bitterness of death was past; its terrors had vanished; fell a preferred waves; the terror had vanished;

the run bonneward on the swift shricking engine!
I was at Dolbadarn in time for dinner, after all. As I sat down to the cheerful meal with friends who were discussing the light ordinary topics of the day, I looked about me, wondering if I were really here in actual corporeal presence, or if my life had ended in that last rush of water, and I were only dreaming, "for in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

JOHN GRUFFMAN'S LESSON.

[From the Detroit Pree Press.]

and what there was of dignity and grandent in the sight, half resconded me to the thought that my life would be swallowed in the came home to dinner? If the table is not smoking with the visind have not been the common the came home to dinner? If the table is not smoking with the visind have not completed by the sail of the proposed swancing battalions of serried waves; for now the bitterness of death was past; its terrors bad vanished. If first a prodound admess—that was all. How far could I climb up these slimy, slippery posts and butternesses, that seemed to mock ane with their lying proffers of andrey? A comple of cross-beams or ties which bound together the lower ends of the piers afforded at their intersection a sort of angular resting-place, where could, for a time perhaps, find a refege from the waves. This was far below high water mark, so that to reach it would only give me a short respite from my find agony; but, for all that, I determined to attempt it. As soon as the water covered the little island on which I stood, I would try to climb this slippery beam, that rose from the sand, in which it was partiyloried, at an angle of about forty fire degrees.

With the tide rose the wind; with the wind came rain and fog. The moon, "Low day, having been hought and trained, and mid-first prome soft just and the ordinary of the came of the piers and the cross-the piers and the cross-the piers and the cross-the piers and the cross-the piers and produced in the came of the piers and the cross-the piers.

It is not in the hearts of both, and the strangest remarked, and are now wing together:

It is not in fletion, but in reality, that the strangest remarked, and what the wind of the strangest remarked, and what the wind the trained to the present and the present of the cross-teams of the piers and "that the morning that the present in the cross-teams of the piers and the present of the present o a burry when he came home to dinner? If the table is not smoking with the vianda

stretched on that very sofa, picking his betried, at an angle of about forty fire degrees.

With the tide rose the wind; with the wind came rain and fog. The moon himsered and indistinct, shone family for a while, and then vanished altogether, although he diffused light still made every thing darkly visible. Soon the waves were dashing at my feet, the sand a pulp between them. Now was the time to make my last effort for a little more life. But I found that I had overrated my own powers I crawied a few feet up the slippery timber; then I fell back. Again I tried, and again; but it was of no nee. Strength does not come of eager desire to be strong All that I could do was to clasp my arms round the beam, and stand upright, awaiting the coming of the waters.

The water rose, not gradually, but in pulses. Smaller saves came and went, and left no changes of level; but every now and then some heavier, fi-reer billow would come in with a derouring sweep, covering me with its foam and spray, receing again but at each recession leaving a greater depth of swaying, life like water.

These attacks, like buffets from the hand of some skilled boxer, left me weaker and weaker at every blow. And it was so treacherous too, the water. It would draw away for a time, leaving and return in a great seething swate of water that would swallow me up from head to foot.

About this time the terrible step was taken of avoiding Chicago—a circumstance that led to some anory comment at the time, stories floating into print that he had a sister or some such relative livings in the was achieved to visit the city in consequence; but we learn now that wretched health was the only reason. "The worst of it is," he writes, "that every body one advises with has a monomania about Chicago. "Good heavens, sir," the great Palisdelphia authority said to me, this morning, "if you don't read in Calcago the people will go into fisc." Well, I answered, I would grater itself up.

Forster's Life of Dickens.

NIGHT SCENE IN NEW YORK.

One night, at the opening of the preall-season the writer emerged from the loom of Hauston street to the brilliantly

short two bunfied persons to varied manageredo costume. O dy a few of the mumber were in plain evening dress, and they, at the first glance, appeared as fashionable as the most fashionable butterflies of the Academy—the men in awallow tails and fine lines, with crush-hats dangling in their hands; the women in silks, satine, and muslims, with a profession of ornamenta about their arms, necks and wrists. The fancy dresses were less perfect; some of them nondescript, and most of them tra-hily spanglad—kings", peasants, harlequins, and barbarians, alike. Who were these people? Were they honest folk? A caronasi in this very hall had been interrupted by the police not many nights ago, and the revellers, who were for the most part threves, stripped of their splendors and liveried in the choerless check and gray garments of prison. "Not thieves," said the detective who accompanied us as we questioned him in an undertone; but some of the "gentry" were some to sitend every assemblage of this kind; but the men here were mostly clorks, seafarers, mechanics, and selessien; the women factory hands, dressmakers, asleswomen, and domestic servants.

"Impossible!" we exclaimed. The detective treated our contradiction with good natured forbearance, and more civilly se asked for en explanation. "You wonder how all these asses have obtained the lions" skins?" That was our question "They are all borrowed Observe yonder pretty girl in the pearly sits. The dress on her body, the shoes on her feet, the sham juvelry that is thick about the sham bair on her head, are borrowed; and tomorrow will fit some other beauty as neatly as they fit her to-night. The young fellow leading her into the dance is a shoemaker by trade—how slegant he looks! Hisswallow-tail, his breeches, and his cru-hat—do you suppose they are his own? The lining of each is attamped with the name of a Bowery coatemer, on whose within twenty-four hours. Scarcely one of the persons present owns a attor of the count of it, sir—vanity, vanity, vanity!" The detective sighed, a

to be lost in the dark waters. Ah! they would never see me!

Once more I had strongth to cry.

"Ah! it's a man down there," I heard somebody shout.

A long plank was run over the gap in the bridge, then another; along the two, a portable windlass was quickly wheeled; a bucket descended, in it a man with a lantern.

"Hollo, mate!" he cried, as he caught sight of my white face in the focus of his lamp, "what the deuce are you doing here?"

In another moment I was standing in safety on the further side of the bridge. I owed my rescue to the nucespected visit of the chief-engineer of the line, who had come down to see with his own eyes the manner in which the bridge behaved in a heavy gale, and had driven with the engine to the farthest accessible point of the platform.

What a comforting cup of hot ceffee that was of which I partook by the warmth of the engine furnace, and how exhilarating the run homeward on the swift shricking engine!

I was at Dolbadern in time for dinner, after all. As I sat down to the cheerful meal with friends who were discussing the light ordinary topics of the day, I looked

for years existed in fact. She was divorced A rich neighbor, looking upon her attractions as too great to wither away in loneliness, offered binself, and was accepted. With this second husband the young woman lived a number of years, when he died. She was now a wealthy widow, still retaining many of her youthful charms. We now come to the strangest part of the story. A few months ago, the first busband roturned from his long residence in California; and happening to meet his twice-married, one-divorced, and once-widowed wife, their early love was rekindled in the hearts of both, and they were speedily re-married, and are now

artists on a pieno harmonium, and the perfection with which each bird sings his part and the excellence of the chorus is prodigious. The debut of this lyrice-ornitological company in Norma was attended by the wealth and fashion of Lima. When the paroquet that sang the contraito finished the allegro in the "Salutation to the Moon," such was the enthusiasm, the shouting and the applanes at hearing a bird aing the "Casta Diva" that the bird company, affrighted, took flight and sought refuge among the side scenes. This interrupted the performance for nearly a quarter of an hour, and Signor Contactation to tranquillize the "artists" by giving them bread soaked in wine. Thenceforth the expressions of approbation were mode rated, in order not to spoil the play, it appears that the bird artists have now become accustomed to the applanes. The correctness and propriety with which they give certain parts of the opera are wonderful. The primo tenore possesses all the airs and graces of the school of Mario, and the ladies of Lima have named the prima downs Patti. douna Patti.

Af There was a strange, pathetic scene at the Milwankee depot, a little while ago. A young German, who by four years' hard work in a brewery had saved enough money to make a home, was waiting for his betrothed, who was to arrive from Germany. She came, all radiant, to his arms, there was a close embrace, but when the young man tried to disengage himself, the girl's hands were firmly clasped about his neck, she moved not spoke not—she had literally broken her heart with joy.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

months.

Get An English writer thinks the American erry printees will come to an end ere long, for as each new veriet; a claimed to ripen about ten days earlier the any other, the time between planting and digging will seem be award any.

ripen a not ton days earlier between polarity the time between planting and digging will some be used up.

**Eff A little girl who had great kindness of beart for all the animal creation, saw a hen preparing to gather her chickens under her abeliering wings, and should carnestly, "Oh, don't sit down on these beautiful little birds, you great ug'y old rooster."

***A small boy arose at a Banday-school concert, and began quite glibly, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell—and fell—" (bere his memory began to fail him) "and—and—fell by the roadside, and the thorns sprang up and choked him."

***How doth the little busy pig improve each shinning hour, and gather sansages all day from every opening fi wer! And when the shades of twilight fall he slumbers in his stys, or sings his pretty evening hymn—"Root, little pig, or die!"

***The story of that Lomisians bride turning to stone by drinking water from a boulder turned out to be a fabrication. She merely "turned to Charles and asked if dear mother could not always live with them." Charles was the one who turned to stone.

***Eff At a party, while a young lady was

to stone.

66 At a party, while a young lady was pleying with peouliar brilliancy of touch, a bestander bachelor exclaimed, "Id give the whole world for those fingers!" Perhaps you might get the whole hand by saking," said the young lady's observant memora.

GF "What," exclaimed the fashionable 47 "What," exclaimed the frantonance Fuz riggle to the rxq inite Miss La Spar-rougress, "what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing wax lipe?" "I," responded the fairy like creature, "should be—sta-

the lary man tionery!"

47 The mean armedy—A lady once being saked weat she thought was a good remedy for bee stings, said she had never found anything better than to keep away from the bees.

from the bees.

Gf When you repeat the proverb.

Frailty, thy name is woman!" you must
except hereafter, Mrs Caloe Jones, colored,
of R deigh, whose waist, at its stenderest

46 Who would have believed, save upon Who won! I have believed, save upon the authority of Dr. Loukester, the f. undoo coroner, that not fewer than 3 000 tender infants are annually smothered to death by their mothers, who fell asleep in bed white nursing their pledges? For it is related that Rozenthal, the cele-brated Franch characteristics.

bratod French chies player, recently per formed at Paris another of those surprisit & feats for which he is famous. H. played at the Palais Royal twenty-sever games of chass at once with that number of the best French and foreign chass-players. It zeithal won twenty-three games, three were drawn, and he lost only

One

*** The residence on Lafayette place.
New York, from which William B. Astoriately removed up town, is in the market.
It is not an ordinary house. The basement windows are protected with strong iron bars; the Freuch windows of the parior. have iron doors which slide open and abut, in addition to the blinds, and even the windows of the second story have gratings, it must be very pleasant to be a million

It must be very pleasant to be a million sire.

"If "Pa," said a New Albany boy.
"what is "Mardi-Gras' they are talking so much about?" "Birove Tuesday,' said the well informed father. "And what is Shrove Tuesday?" "Look in the dictionary." The boy looked and saw "Birove Tuesday—The Tuesday following Quinquagesima Sinday, and preceding Ash-Wednes lay." Then he knew all about it.

45 Everybody now-a dava is a "lady" or a "geotheman," A St. Lonis paper re-cently informed its readers that "two gen-tlemen and a lady left for the penitentiary

larger than in f-cruer years.

47 George Treat, of Colifornia is the owner of Thad S evens, the fastest running owner of Thad S evens, the fastest ranning horse is the world. He has lately matched his horse against any other 1: the world. For a race of four miles and repeat for \$10.000. He also has \$55.000 to \$5.000 to \$5.000

long, and when the owner plows it he starts on one farrow and plows all day, comps out all night, and place back the next day.

W A not uncommon trick in Paris is 47 A not uncommon trick in Paris is for a person with a bal cigar to stop a sen-tleman having a good one, to within por-mission to light, and in the handing back manage to substitute the interior weed. The other day two linguishes gentlemen with equility vide cigars tried this trick on each other with no very satisfactory re-sult.

On Easter more our little church was bright with award spring an singlit, bod, and varly bloom; forces have and illes willto. Froch violeta, oferces have and illes willto. Breating o're first and safar rare performe.

Sweet eablems these to fill the pious throught.
And greet the happy, Rivager cities More.
Sweet as the spice by loving Mary brought.—
Fair as the rows by watching angel worth.

Washington in a Passion.

Washington in a Passion.

Although naturally of a mild disposition, Washington had a tempor which was volument and almost productible. It was thus deplayed when Lop was arrested on the field of Monmouth, and another illustration was furnished by the news of St. Clairs defeat by the Ledina in 1291. This Commercial. compelled to urn our dead—Pittsburgh Commercial

So A noan in Baltimore who was to have been married in the evening, committed micide in the morning. His courage failed him

of A band of Ohio women gathered in front of a lawyer's office by mistake, and prayed and same half an hour before they learned that they had been throwing away time. It is calculated that their prayers whiles that whad any effect under eighteen months.

of An English writer thinks the Ameriban carly pistates will come to an end ere by pistates will come to an end ere and with great webeaucage; then positing. and a surprise in the variance, when pointing, he again paned the floor to stlenge, violently agitated. Ween near the door be stopped but stood for a mountly, and then there agitated. When near the door he stopped short, stood for a moment, and then there was another terrible explosion of wrath 'Yes,' he existence,' on this very p t t took leave of him; I said, becare of a apprise. You know how the Indians fight mail repeated, hewere of a surprise. He went off with this warning in his ears, and yet to suffer the army to be butchered by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against. O G.d.! O G.d.! He three up his hand, and while his frame shoot. against. O G.d. O G.d. He three op his hand, and while his frame shook be exclaime!: 'He is worse than a murderer, How can be answer it to his country? The curse of widows and orphans is upon him.' Mr. Lear remained speechless and the paruxyam passed away."

4 An enterprising New York dentis

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156 BHOAD SAY, New York, Tany at Street Stre

TOW FORTINES ARE MADE AN FORMAL STREET, "A YOUR Block as sent tree, a planting from street tree, a planting from some case is to make in the sent tree, a planting from the first tree and tree

IN THE TWILIGHT.

- A peersy for your thoughts, Malvine; Where are they drifting new? I have watched for half an hour past. A pucker on your brow, And a quess little city of the under lip, Which I wholly disaller.
- Dume close and make confission, sweet;
 I'll shelve you, never fest;
 But field these ellis white tands in mine,
 And bring your fountation man,
 And bring your fountation man,
 I bether your drawn! I think you might prese
 Neutric don-hors, let us hear.
- You wish we had not run away?"
 But when your folks said No, and would not allow you be come to me,
 What could you do but go?
 What could you do but go?
 I on thought the train too slow,
- You trembled like an supen load O ! "with the cold alone?" Your lips at least were warm, my dead I tried them with my own; For ! throught they looked pale by the altar rail, Whence two departed one.
- "Deal empty credit !" Ab, Malvine! The little next withdra a squared, perhaps, from many a care, And unrepented else; had the Falloce, who its future know. Has gathered the infant in.
- No storms but clear the air, Malvine, No waves tool wear the storie; The storm that swipt our number y lare. But made you more may own; For the childhest wite has each day of her life Husbard and love to collect.

- Grief did but do her perfect work; God a sunbwans washed by rain. Shine aver with a purer light. A radiative reft of stalls. And the eyes, Maivine, that have plea. Are the tear-washes eyes of pain.

IN THE PRIORY GARDEN.

A quaint old fashioned garden it is, with straight grassy aventses, long mossy alleys between prim hedges of box and holly, smooth vistas opening to the sun and brease, with here and there a sombre yew trained into some curious device. Banks of fragrant, world-forgotten flowers, stone ledges, and low, broken, ivied walls, remains of bygone days when the old garden was covered by a stately monastery, are distinctive features.

main of bygone days when the old garden was covered by a stately monastery, are distinctive features.

The purple twilight was stealing softly down, wrapping in its dusky silent wings the gorgeons orange, crimson, and violet that still feeched the mid-annumer sky, one single brilliant star shining in the clear amber of the sunset, a bird's full clear note sounding far in the evening stillness.

A tail, graceful girl, in a long trailing white dress, was pacing slowly down one of the narrow mossy alleys; in one hand she held a bunch of searlet geraniums, the other was swinging a large garden hat carelessly up and down by its blue ribbons. A fair, fresh, wilful face it was, with sweet violet eyes. A knot of the geraniums nestled in the thick folds of wavy brown hair, a reart of soft white wool was tied loosely round her threat, and by her side walked a large stag hound, stately and sedate, his mose pushed against his mistress's hand, his splendid wistful eyes following every movement. A man's mellow tener voice sounded faintly through the trees, coming nearer and nearer. nestled in the thick folds of wavy brown hair; a rest of soft white wool was tied loosely round her throat; and by her aide walked a large stag hound, stately and sedate, his mose pushed against his mistreas; hand, his splendid wistful eyes following every movement. A man's mellow tenor voice sounded faintly through the trees, coming nearer and nearer.

A shadow crossed the girls face, the rosy month ponted involuntarily.

"Ab. Hero," said she, fooking down at her dog, "there he is again, and singing that same everlasting song; it is always "My queen, my queen. Listen, Hero, listen.

The voice, nearer now, came on singing in subdued, tender tones a verse of the well known song—

"I will not dream of her tall and stately she that I love may be taley light."

"A week later Errol and Nellie stood in A week later Errol and Nellie stood in

"Ab, Hero, old fellow," interrupted the girl, impatiently, "it is always the same old thing. How I hate it! "Whatever she does, it will sure be right — and I never do anything right in his eyes." But, at any rate, you believe in me, old feilow—don't you? In your faithful eyes I am beautiful and certifies and continuous in eyes thing. you? In your faithful eyes I am beautiful and gentle and courteeus in everything, if

I am not in Errol *

The dog looked up with his beautiful, wistful eyes, the man's voice came nester and clearer.

And the pleasure?"

There, we won't listen any more, will

her face to face with the singer, who surerged quirtly unconscious of her pre-imity, from a side walk. A tall, brown faced young fellow he was, with bright, dark eyes and clearly cut features, and an expression indicative of power and de-termination, relieved only by the frank kindlines of the reve and smile.

she, pattistily.
"No wonder you were not to be found, I

e how they would be received. The hint was too broad to be misander. stood, but the only typly was a keep look of inquiry at Nellie's vesed face, and a slight antic as he caught her eyes. He turned to welk on with her, and the two

tarned to walk on with her, and the two parced slowly on past the high prim hedges, past banks of flowers, droeping as day droeped too, on litto a garden—hay, a will deriess—of roses. The dow was brushed off by Nelhe's long dress, a subtle, delicious perfume filled the sir. Gradually the least of sizes appeared in the deep-blue sky, a blickbird selear note rose high and sweet. Uncontrolously Errord becam it.

Of course I will not, if it annoys you

"Of course I will not, if it annoys you so much," said he, with another been glance at the fair, wilful face; but I want to argue the point with you first. Here is our aid nook under the Noisette; sit down. Nellie, and let me convince you as I need to do in the old days."

Inwardly resolving not to be convinced, helie and down on the low stone wall, the climbing roses around and above her appearing like a framework. Errol strolled away to a large rose bank a few paces distant, and carefully cut off a splendid helf-opened Provence rose, which in its creamy pinkness contained a world of delicate, subtle scent; then, returning, be threw himself on the grass at Nellie's feet, and looked up into the awest, wilful face.
"Now tell me, Nellie, why you don't like 'My Queen."

A shower of scarlet gerantum petain fell over the white dress, scattered ruthlessly by Nellie's fingers; but she had no argument ready to suppost her dislike—at least, none that she would use.

"She is a charming ideal," continued Errol. "What have you to say against her, Nellie?"

"Just that she is an ideal," answered

"Just that she is an ideal," answered

"Just that she is an ideal," answered Neilie, shortly.

"And you cannot attain such a height?" asked he, quietly, but with a keeper glance than ever at the face above him.

No answer came from the pouting lips. The scarlet blossoms almost covered the white dress; the evening brezz came up and stirred the roses; a shower of paretinted leaves fell on the scarlet. Erroi changed his position slightly. Raising himself with one hand, he held the rose toward her with the other.

ioward her with the other.
"Nellie," said be, gently—" Nellie."

"Neilie," said he, gently
"Yes."
"Will you give me your gerankmes for
this rose?" he in quired.
"No," she replied.
"Why not?" interrogated Errol.
"I like the geraniums better," said
Nellie, promptly, her eyes turned away
from his.
"I don't think you do—they are so very
battered. Won't you make the exchange,
Nellie?"

"I don't think you do—they are so very battered. Won't you make the exchange, Nailie?"

She stole a glance at him. I iThere was no misisking his meaning. The gerantums were only a small part of what was wanted. A soft light flashed into the violet eyes; for a moment she hesitated, and then, in a modden fit of wilful perversity, she said, exceedingly.

andden fit of wilful perversity, she said, sarcastically—

"You do me too much honor, Cousin Errol; but I do not choose to be second even to an ideal. Your 'queen' is waiting somewhere; let me suggest that you give the rose to her."

"My 'queen' is here—I found her long ago. Her throne is this old stone seat, her canopy the thorny white rose, her sceptre a bunch of flaming battered geraniums.
Will you take my rose, Nellie! It is not

A week later Errol and Nellie stood in the vine-covered porch of the old Priory. A pile of rugs, walking sticks and port-manteaus lay on one side; a dog cart stood before the door, and the man-servant was

"What is the business "

He gave her a keen, quick glance before

"There, we won't listen any more, will we, old dog? At least I have one friend who is not always singing at me, or looking nuntirable disapprediction at me.

She stoched and took held of one of the dog a soft, silky cars. The voice came softly through the high but hedge, it was softly through the high but hedge, it was close to be now, every word distinct—
"But the mist be controns, she must be hole, Ture in the spinit, that makes it hole, the last Yankee notion in bonnets?"

"Neither, thank you, Errol," she said, rising her aweet eyes, half mischievonaly, half repentantly. "I should prefer a bear skin and—and a bunch of scarlet generating since, and put out her hand it touch him.

"Year wishes shall be obeyed. Good-live was too late—a few steps brought."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed. Good-live was too late—a few steps brought."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed. Good-live was considered by any late of passengers by mistake."

"Year wishes shall be obeyed. Good-live was booked by Good-live was too late—a few steps brought."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed. Good-live was considered as he own.

"It was not in the ship, Nellie. Was not in the ship, Nellie. "Is it you, Errol," she care was so ghastly in its increductions recognition, the face was almost as agitated as her own.

"Her face was so ghastly in its increductions recognition, the face was almost as agitated as her own.

"Her face was so ghastly in its increductions recognition, the face was almost as agitated as her own.

"Her face was so ghastly in its increductions recognition, the face was almost as agitated as her own.

"Her face was so ghastly in its increduction in the face was almost as agitated as h

"Your wishes shall be obeyed. Good-bye, Nellie, said he, gravely, and, spring-ing up into the dog-cart, he took the reins." Good-bye."

Nellie watched the dog-cart out of sight, and then turned into the house, feeling guilty, defant, repentent, and mischievous half a dozen times before she reached her worther a room.

an expression indicative of power and determination, releved only by the frank kindliness of the eyes and simile.

"Ab, count name, I have been looking for you all over the garden, hald be stopping before the garden, hald be stopping before the gard. "Where have you heen to all alone."

all we are tired of the garden, replied to petitishly. No worder you were not to be found, in Why did you not tell me, Nelhe was too late for you to go into the wood he.

It had Hero—he is quite sufficient est. It do not care for any other when he with me, thank you, here! We like to slotte best, rejoined Nellie, accounting her words with a swift glatce, to how they would be received.

The hint was too broad to be misundered, but the only reply was a keen look figure at Nellies wated between the child was been sufficient as the country of the first specially dreary and long, as if both to encounter the chilly winds and weather. The hint was too broad to be misundered, but the only reply was a keen look figure at Nellies water look in the case of specially dreary and long, as if both to encounter the chilly winds and weather. The snowingos came in March; at the cit of April there was scarcely a hedgerow tinted with green.

"Nellie," said Mrs. Carroll one morning, looking up from her newspaper, "find the city of Boston, mamma of the vessel he intended to sail in." If was the City of Boston, mamma of the vessel he intended to sail in." If was the City of Boston, mamma.

"Out the letter, dear—I want to be quite certain."

certain.

Neilie opeted the writing desk, found the letter, and gave it to Mrs. Carrol, pointing over her shoulder to a certain passage in

the host of stars appeared in the deeptime sky, a bischild selear note rose high
and sweet. Unconsciously Errol began to
sing softly the refrain of his song—
"She is standing somewhere, sle I would honor.
Eac that I wait for—may queet, my queen."
Nellie turned round.
"I do wish, Errol, you would not sing
that song; I hate it!"
"Here it! Why, Nellie, it is charming!"
"I don't care; I hate it! It is always
"my queen!"
"Weil, in there any special reason why
it should not be 'my queen'?" said be,
hosting down at her and smiling quiestly.
"Don't jour see, cousin mine, she is a sort
of ideal—"
"Yes, I see you are right; it is the
City of Boston. I had forgotten all about
it; and now I see from the newspaper that
she is very much overdon, and that there
is creat anxiety about her safety."
Nellie had not forgotten. Since the date
of the vessel's sailing had she not counted
the days, the hours, almost the misures?
Had not every chance footstep sent the
shoot or ring caused her heart to beat
wildly? Latterly, did not every alight
the days, the hours, almost the misures?
Had not every onneched,
not refer anxiety about her safety."
Nellie had not forgotten. Since the date
of the vessel's sailing had she not counted
the days, the hours, almost the misures?
Had not every chance footstep sent the
shoot or ring caused her heart to beat
wildly? Latterly, did not every alight
the days, the hours, almost the misures?
Had not every onneched,
not refer anxiety."
Nellie had not forgotten. Since the few the short of the vessel's sailing had she not counted
the days, the hours, almost the misures?
Had not every onneched.

"Yes, I see you are right; it is the
City of Boston. I had forgotten all about
the it.
"Yes, I see you are right; it is the
city of Boston. I had forgotten all about
the star dwit of with the research of the trees is very much overdon, and that there
is rereal anxiety about her safety."
Nellie had not every chance footstep sent the
days, the hours, almost the days, the bours, almost the days, the hours, almost the



FAIR DAMNEL PUTTING ON NEW GLOVES. -" Too tight? Oh, no, auntie, not at allesides I like thom a leetle tight! Thoublesome Fromen .- " Feels as if somebody was squeezing her hand; don't ye

waiting and watching. Alas! she was not the only one. With that day, when the first warning appeared in the papers, began a time when her own fears were echoed by hundreds of sad hearts all over

England.

Once more it was a fair summer evening in the old Priory garden; the purple twilight shadows were failing softly, and a bird's high note sounded far in the stillness as in bygone days. Terribly ornel it all seemed to Nellie that the brightness and beauty could last while hearts should be so desolate. She was pacing restleasily up and down the moss grown avene, her black dress clinging to her in sombre folds—for the months had doeme and gone, and hope at last had died out. Here walked beside her, his head druoping. Presently she left the alley and sought the old stone seat under the Noisette rose. She threw herself down on the grass beside it, and pressed her cheek against the cold stone. It was piteons to see how pale and thin she had grown—piteons to see the small hands pressed to her breast to still the convolisive sobs that shook her slight fragile figure.

"Oh, Errol, where are yon?" she said, despairingly. "Can't you hear me, Errol? In all the world above is there no spot where you can hear me?" The rose-leave fluttered down over her in a white shower as they had done a year sgo—far away in the dusky thicket the blackbird's clear note rang out. She shivered as a rose-leaf fell on her hand. "And i grieved you so, Errol, that night. I remember it all; and you can hear me no more, and I can never tell you that I loved you. Oh, my love, my love!" How cruel it is—how pitiess:"

The poor little white face worked and The poor little white face worked and quivered with convolued soles, and she burst into a wild passion of weeping. All those weary months of waiting she had shed no tears from the wide-open miserable eyes; now they came so tresistibly, so passionately, that the slight figure shook like the leaves above her.

"Nelite," said a low voice, "Nellie." She started and moaned as if the sound were heard in a dream, and the drooping bright head was not raised.

"Nellie!" said the voice again, and she was gently raised from her croaching position by a man's strong arms. The dark eyes that eagerly sought here were glistening with emotion, the face was almost as agitated as her own.

He took the poor hitle trembling hands in one of his, with the other he put her on the old heat. Her sweet violet eyes tilled afresh with tears, but with such tears of grateful thankfulness as those who have come out of the valley of the shadow of death only can have your furnitude. death only can know, and for a few minutes the solemn prayerful silence was unbroken. At last Nellie spoke, with the reverent tone of one who has just held me sacred communion.
"How was it, Errol?" she asked.

"How was it, Errol?" she asked.
"I had taken my passage on board the city of Boston," he explained, "but at the last moment a party of friends persuaded me to join them on a bunting traedition to the Kocky Mountains. We were away four mouths; and all that time I received no letters or newspapers, as we moved about so rapidly from place to place that they were not forwarded to us. When I reached New York on my way town. they were not forwarded to us. When I reached New York on my way home, I heard about the loss of the vessel. I was horror-struck to think of what you might have suffered. I set sail in the first steamer. Thank Heaven I am at home in referred to the loss.

have suffered. I set sail in the ma-steamer. Thank Heaven I am at home in safety at last?"
"Why did you not write, Errol?"
"I did; but I suppose my letters went down with the vessel. I would have given anything to save you this, Nellie."
"I knew it," said Nellie, softly. With

"I know it," said Nellie, softly. With serious, awe-struck eyes she looked up through the rose-boughs; one bright star gleamed down upon her with kindly light, like a radiant messenger of sympathy. "I want my welcome home, Nellie," said Errol, presently. She glanced at him with sweet, shy

She glanced at min what revet, any eyes.

"Have I found my 'queen' at last?"

"Yes, "whipered, Neilio, softly.

He folded her in his arms, and kissed her passionately on lips, brow, and cheeks, and then, drawing her head on his shoulder, let her pale, pure face rest there. Har little white fingers went wandering over his coat—the very touch of the rough tweed cloth gave such intense relief, comfort and delight. After a while she raised her head and apoke—

elight. After a white she raised her ness.

Ind spoke—

"Cousin Errol?"

"Yes, Cousin Nellie."

"Did you win the law-suit?"

"Yes, fair lady; I have wen my suit.

place put a rasor."

he, significantly.

"Was there not really one?"

"Do not inquire too closely, Nellie mine. The answer may be embarrassing. At least I have remembered your request," said Errol, producing his pocket-book, and taking therefrom a handful of withered flowers, which still, despite their dryness, retained a portion of vivid coloring.

"I gathered these wild geraniums one moonlight night while we were watching for a grizzly on Mount Columbar." Haising one arm, he pulled a rose from the branch above Nellie's head. "Now which will you have, Nellie's lead. "Now which will you have, Nellie's lead. "Now which will you have, Nellie's lead. "Now the continuation of the other.
Nellie hesitated, glanced up shyly, hesi-

Nellie besitated, glanced up shyly, hesi-tated again, and then stretched out her hand to the rose.

"And I'll give my heart to my lady's keeping, And ever her strength on mine shall lean; And the stars shall fail, and the angels be weeping, Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!"

sang Errol, as they sauntered home through the old garden, with the shadows falling softly around them, the stars looking down, the calm majestic presence of the night sympathizing with the deep unut-terable gratitude which filled their hearts with reverence and are unspeakable.

The New Orleans Women.

The women of New Orleans are probably the most superb looking in America. They are brunettes, the most and best of them, with an elegance of carriage and figure, a contour of feature and a pose of manner contour of feature and a pose of manner, that are matchless. They say that the peasantry in certain districts of Spain carry yet in their faces the grandeur of the faded Castillian noblesse. These New Orleans besuties, lifted tenderly down a dozen generations of close blood, are more queenly than the portraits of their French mothers that have hung for centuries in their parlors. Some of them are like chiselled, pencilled figures out of marble, with the soft dash of Guido's brush or of Petrarch's pencilled figures out of marble, with the soft dash of Guido's brush or of Petrarch's song in their faces, and the ripe southern blood flushing up to their temples under the pure surface of their veins. The ex-quisiteness of their style takes your breath with an exclamation of admiration, and a sigh of relief as you pass. Their native city and State are the horizon of society and of the world to these superb crea-tures; they are reared under the solemn shadow of Catholicism; they are local in their attachments as Venetians; their cultheir attachments as Venetians; their culture is narrow, but they have the gait of

A Japanese Opinion. In a Japanese account of European manners and customs, the author states that swinging forms a regular part of a European boy's education, "in order that having to seek his fortune in distant lands—he may not suffer from sea-sickness." The foreigners, "although good men of business and excellent horsemen," neglect, according to the Japanese writer, "that philosophical and literary culture so much esteemed by our own countrymen." Their habits of life, however, are enimently respectable; indeed, "they are as clean in their persons as the Japanese themselves." Finally, jealousy is an unknown passion among them; and "so much affection subsists between man and wife that it is quite a common thing to see a European fate. This incident is well authenticated. ners and customs, the author states that

Street Beggars.

Recently a London longer in Paris, moved by curiosity, took the trouble to investigate the operations of the street beggars, and watching a little girl on one of the bonlevards, found that, in three of the bonlevards, found that, in three hours, her receipts were thirteen francs and forty-five centimes, or two dollars and sixty-nine cents. Apropos of this subject, a besithy, well-fed looking man stepped into a Broad street office the other day, and asked alms. The broker asked him if he wanted work. Yes, he said, if he could get wages enough. The broker offered him \$25 a month to go and take care of his horses. "Why, my dear sir," said the fellow." what do you take me for? I can make \$150 a month at my present compation," and he left in a huff.

make \$150 a month at my present occupation," and he left in a huff.

487 It was some forty years ago that a tall, thin gentleman, in a long greatcoat and cap, stalked into the Mechanics' Bank, in New York. He leisurely took from his pocketbook a five dollar note of the bank, and, laying it before the teller, requested its payment. The teller said: "We do not pay our notes." The tall, thin man, who, it now appeared, was John Randolph, put on his spectacles, and read the note in a high-keyed voice: "The President and Directors of the Mechanics' Bank promise to pay the bearer five dollars, vaine received." "There I want the five dollars which you promise to pay." "But—we-do not pay," "Floriest the teller; "the banks have suspended payment." "Oh, stopped payment? These iet me teil you what to do. Take the aledge hammer out of the hand that hangs over your door, and in its place put a resor."

A Colorado Editor Interviews a Chinaman.

(From the Golden Globe.)

We asked him if he didn't want some advertising done. He stopped work long enough to say that he charged a dollar a dozen, without ironing. We explained that it wasn't washing we wanted, but advertising. We told him how much his business would be increased, how he'd be richer than the king of the Sandwich Islands in six months if he'd only advertise. This assemed to be clear to him, and his face brightened as he said, "Business beily slow; nobody got no money." We calmly cook out a paper at that. We carefully applained to him all about fifteen cents a line—one of these things clear across here every time the paper was printed. The people, we told him, would read this and then come to him for washing. He took a deep interest in the whole story, and paid marked attention to cur few remarks.

"You see, Mr. Hong Lee," we said, thinking he was getting slong first-rate in Eoglish, "this is a paper—this here (putting a finger on it.) When people read they rush off frantically and buy of everybody whose name they see in the paper. Do you understand?" He said he did, and wanted to know how many pieces we had—whether they were big or little. We felt clicouraged. We had worked hard for half an bour already, and he all the time thinking that we were talking about washing! With an imprecation on the whole race we went over the whole story again, even going so far as to figure out to him how many papers we printed and how many we expected to print. He was all attention as before, but when we stopped for breath he spirted water on a batch of ciothes through his teeth, and then said, as coolly as a mummy, that if we brought the clothes on Monday he would have them done by Wednesday.

A Washington correspondent says: "Mr. Sartoris is, if the truth must be told, awaward and unprepossessing in appearance. He is one of the blondest of the blonde, and wears his fair hair parted in the middle of his intellectual head. This freak of fashion assists in imparting to his impassive and infantile features the expression of innocence and idiocy, so much admired in the young men of his class and country. He is said, however, to be a very nice fellow, and he ought to be, for Miss Nellie Grant is a very nice girl. She is 18 years old, I should guess, is a slender, modest person, not very pretty, and has eyes as blue and hair as fair as George Charles's own. She would not be remarked in a crowd, for she is no way remarkable, perhaps is not quite up to the mark among American belles, as that somewhat mythical class goes. She in fact lacks extreme beauty, or what in our day is beauty's equivalent, extreme style. She has been no belle in society here, even with a pspa President and the glories of a White House to back her, she has not in manners or dress the slightest element of fastness, or what was so much admired in the Empress Eugenie, "chic," but she is liked by every one, men and women, for her quiet, modest demeanor and self-possession, and to many her gentle, pleasant amile is as attractive as a pair of flashing eyes and bright tinted cheeks. As may be imagined from her appearance, her mental qualities and accompilahments are of the same quiet, half negative order. The acquaintance began abroad, it is said, when Mr. Sartoris was only a younger son. As luck would have it, the elder brother broke his neck during a for hunt, and the young man in question hastened over the sea to lay his parks and castle halls at Miss Nelly's feet.— Exchange Paper.

Benny Davis's Trained Rat. A Washington correspondent says: "Mr. Sartoris is, if the truth must be told, awk-

Remarkable Presentiment.

The Scranton Times makes itself responsible for this story of a remarkable presentiment of evil:—It will be remembered

Marriage.

Marriage.

The Rev. J. F. W. Ware, in his lectures on "The Conduct of Lafe," speaking of marriage, said: "A young man, in making his choice, should seek a woman to-table in all things, and not a woman to be a figure-head for an establishment. Young men often make it an excuse for not marrying that they cannot bear the expense, and this matter of satravagance is responsible for the modern institution of backelor life, than which there is nothing more prophetic of death to manly virtues and rugged character. A man had better make his will and cut his throat at once, than marry a giddy, fashionable fool; but if he wants a woman to stand by him as sharer alike of his joys and troubles, then is the plea of expense groundless." plea of expense groundless.

FELONS AND RUSTY NAILS. - For the past ten years, we have treated felons with hot water, and with unerring success. No

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR Portagn.—Authors and others often send to letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we other have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also best in mind that the Department now requires letter possing on all manuscripts. Authors will also best in mind that the Department now requires letter possing on all always sales, we have the send large packages by express.

We cannot underlake to somewer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine it; keeping a copy, to save a void all danger of hose—as we do not had ourselved and danger of hose—as we do not had ourselved manuscripts.

what was so much admired in the Empress
Eugenie, "chic," but she is liked by every
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lay his parks and castle halls at Miss
Nelly's feet. — Exchange Paper.

Benny Davis's Trained Rat.

(From the betwet Free Press.)

A boy twelve years old, named Benny
Davis, whose parents live on the river
road, broke his legs some months ago, and
has been conflued to the house ever since.
He has, during the last three months,
trained a rat to come forth at his whistle,
stand on its hind feet, roll over, leap
through a hoop covered with paper, and to
execute various other manceuvres. The
family own a big cat, and she has been
trained to stretch out and let the rat leap
over her, and the two are great friends,
though Grimalkin is death on all other
rodents. The lad has an exhibition twice
a week, and secures quite an income by
charging an admission fee of five cents.

Bemarkable Presentiment.

The Scranton Times makes itself respon-

contains the essence of a large amount of regarverbiage:

"Ignorance of the law eveness no one,

"Ignorance of the law eveness no one,

"Ignorance of the law eveness no one,

"In a final to conceal a read.

"In a compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void,

biguistices made with a lead-period are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not levally conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a unifor is void.

Contracts for advertisements in Sunday newspapers are invaid. spers are invadid. Principals are responsible for the acts of their

ents.
Agents are responsible to their principals for

sitic received.'
A note drawn on Sunday is vold.
A note obtained by frand, or from a person in a ate of intoxication, cannot be collected.
It a note be lost or stolen, if does not release the laker; he must pay it.

be must pay it, ndurser of a note is exempt from liability if yed with notice of its dishonor within the after; he mine pay it.

An endorser of a node is exempt from liability if at served with notice of its dishonor within the sy succeeding that of its non-pay insent.

St heart nets, (Monroeton, Pa.,) asks: "What is sellor to the wolf and pig, from which originated is saying. The Latins call me porcus?" The hie is this:—A wolf was going to devour a pig, then the pig observed that it was Friday, and that o good Cathonir would eat meat on Friday. Going a together, the wolf said to the pig, "They seem scall you by many names," "Yee," said the pig, "I am called swine, grunter, hog, and I know not that besides; the Latins call me porcus," "Porcess, do they?" said the wolf, making an intendant binnder. "Well, porpoise is a fish; and ic many cat fish on Friday." So saying, he disoned the pig without another word. The moral of the table seems to be that there is danger in coverantly, for it the pig had not attempted as show low great his knowledge of its own name was, he could not have given the word such a good excuse to devour him.

bow great his knowledge of his own name was, he would not have given the woll such a good accuse to devour him.

J. D. B., (Danville, Yell Co., Arks...) Golconda is a fortified town of Hindonsan. It has been noted as a depot for diamonds, which are brought hither from the plains at the base of Neda Huita mountains, on the banks of the Kitsha and Petuntains, on Jinnig, (Rosebank, Ont...) asks: "1st. Can you give me a good recipe for canning fruit; also for a preparation for realing the cata? All frow do you pronounce the following words: Recley, disaster, Cockburn and eligible? 3d, liow do you pronounce the following words: Recley, disaster, Cockburn; and eligible? 3d, liow has had does such cost? 4d. for round or argular hand the such as handwriting; also my composition? Ist. Why not ask they are taken the same consumer excellent housekeeper of your related. Why the same the same them should be also any composition? Ist. Why not answer for nontier. Perup for one might not answer for nontier. Perup for one might not answer for nontier. Perup for one case, many of the patent contrivances are listent around the cork, and then the a piece of bladder over the top. The main object is thoroughly to exclude the air. al. Res'-i-per; Gla-as'-ter; Cu-burn; si'-i-gi-bis. 3d, life works are very numerous. We cannot name them. Most of them have been published in book form, the price of each velume generally being \$1.55. 4th. Round hand prevails. 5th. Both near 103. [Several letters are best over to be answered in